Cambria Freeman.

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VOLUME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1874. NUMBER 34.

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J. GALLITZIN LAKE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain;
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a curl,—
"Really! I do not know her name;
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street
With burden trudge along,
Her face was sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market-basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I thought a gentleman,
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not an eye;
For there was no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman—
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good,
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

THAT "SHARP," SMITH.

The Austen coach had left Murphy's ranch, and was climbing the steep hill just this side of the Echo canyon, when a man, springing out from under a big pine, hailed the driver.

The solitary passenger in the coach, when he heard the shout of the stranger, drew his revolvers, clinked back the hammers, and peered earnestly out of the window.

This passenger was a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, slenderly built, with a smoothly shaven face, clear gray eyes and dark brown hair.

He looked nervous and excited, and the hands that griped the revolvers trembled visibly, as he peered through the window and looked earnestly upon the stranger, who had sprung from the shelter of the pine just as the driver of the coach had eased his horses up on the "rest," preparatory to encountering the still steeper incline which lay beyond, extending to the hill summit.

The person who had hailed the coach was a man just about the size of the passenger, and singularly like him in appearance. He had the same cool gray eyes, the same dark brown hair and long, oval face. He was bearded, though; a little mustache and goatee; and was dressed in a neat, dark business suit. As he sprung forward, his coat-tails swaying with the motion, the butts of a pair of silver-mounted revolvers peeped out.

The occupant of the coach seemed relieved when he discovered that there was but a single man in the road.

"Say, old man, hev you got room for another pilgrim inside your hearse?" quoth the pedestrian, addressing the driver.

The solitary individual shuddered at the word, hearse.

"I reckon I kin accommodate you inside, as the whale said to Jonah afore he swallowed him," replied the driver, with a friendly nod of recognition. It was evident that he knew the stranger.

"All right; I've been waiting for you at Murphy's, and I really reckoned that you never would come: so I walked along the road apiece, thinkin', mebbe, you'd ketch me afore sundown."

"Mighty nigh that time now, ain't it?" queried the driver, with a look to the west, where the sun, now a great ball of fiery hue, was sinking slowly behind the far-off peaks.

"What kept you? Getting lazy, old man?"

"No; heap of excitement down to Spur City; had to wait fur the mail; the people were jist risin' onto their hind legs and howlin' about the bonds issued to this new narrow gauge railroad that's to come up through the valley. Thar's been a heap of gougin' by somebody, and the boys were talkin' to Judge Lynch pretty hot when I left."

And here again the solitary passenger shuddered and nervously grasped his revolvers; they lay on his knees, concealed by the folds of his cloak which he had cast over the weapons.

"This durned excitement jest kills business," growled the stranger, preparing to get into the coach. "I ginerally rake the sports down in the valley for a trifle when I peel and go fur 'em, but, really, this time they're all talkin' railroad and fight, and won't see the 'blind' nary time."

"All they want to see is that Judge Durell, the fellow that got the bonds and hasn't put down nary iron hoss yet. I reckon he'll hev to fork or fight. I heered say that they were on his track. A big party passed Murphy's this afternoon; on the war-path, too, I reckon."

Again the passenger started, shivered, and cast a nervous glance around.

The stranger got into the coach, took a seat opposite to the solitary passenger, and the steady horses commenced to climb the hill.

"How are ye?" said the stranger, nodding to the passenger, and looking curiously into his face. "Kinder dull traveling, isn't it? I reckon now that they'll be about an hour more of light, and if you happened to have sich a thing as a pack of keerds about you, we might have a social game, jest to pass away the time."

The passenger merely shook his head.

"Ain't got no keerds, eh? Well, I hev; allers travel with 'em," and the persuasive stranger drew out a pack of cards from his pocket and shuffled them with a dexterity that gave evident proof of long practice "Won't you take a hand—jes' for fun, if you hev any objection ag'in' riskin' money on keerds?"

"Thank you: I never play," replied the passenger.

"Aha!" cried the stranger, bringing the cards together with a loud slap; "I reckoned that you were my man. *How are ye, Judge?*"

Quick as thought the Judge—for it was Judge Durell in person—drew a revolver from under his cloak and leveled it at the head of the stranger.

"Hold on, Judge!" cried the stranger. "What in thunder air you arter?"

"You are one of these ruffians who are talking about hanging me to the first tree!" cried the Judge, trembling with great excitement.

"No sich thing!" replied the stranger, "I'm a gentleman, I am, and a sport; I'm that 'sharp' Smith, as the boys in Austen call me. I follow the festive poker and the frolicsome faro fur a livin'. Now, jes put up your shooting-irons; why, I'm right hyer to help you out of this little difficulty."

"I don't understand," said the Judge, dubiously.

"Let me corral the facts and spread 'em out for you. I was to meet a pard of mine at Murphy's to-night, for to talk over a leetle plan to wool some of these sharps down to Spar City. It was hot this afternoon, you know, and I lay out under some pine just above Murphy's ranche, amusing myself like a gentleman with handlin' the 'pepers,' when ten or fifteen fellows rode by, all strangers to me, but from Spur City and thereabout, as I jedged from their talk; and the blig and short of it is that they know that you're comin' up in this hyer coach, and they're goin' to lay in wait for you somewhar around Silver Creek. Jest as I heer'd this air leetle game, I kinder reckoned I'd take a hand in myself; so I've bin waitin' for you to arrive."

"Why should you take any interest in this matter?" asked the Judge, just a little suspicious.

"Judge, do you remember Tuskegee, Alabama, in '59?"

"Certainly, I practiced law there at that time."

"Correct; and do you remember a young slip of a boy, Charley Winchell, who had a narrer squeeze of it for sticking a knife into a man in a quarrel over a game of cards?"

"Of course; I defended him."

"And got him acquitted, too, and nary cent would you take from his poor old mother," and just here Smith's voice became a little choked and inaudible. "Well, Judge, I heer'd one of 'em gospel sharps say one't somethin' 'bout casting your bread upon the waters; I disremember exactly how the chap he spoke of played his hand, but I know that he beat the 'bank' at last. Now, Judge, Smith, the 'sharp,' will jest squar' up Charley Winchell's debt."

"I should not have recognized you."

"Well, I reckon I don't look much as I used to, but the heart's the same. You've kinder changed your looks someway since I saw you about a month ago in Austen."

"I've shaved off my mustache and goatee so that I could escape from the valley. These men are hot after my blood; they say that I have made a fraudulent use of the bonds issued by the new railroad. I am president of the company."

"Now, Judge, you want to slip quietly out of this hyer coach, and hide in the bush, make for Silver Creek, and strike off to the left so as to reach the hills. After you pass the crick you can come back to the road again, and go for Austen. When they overhaul this coach, I'll jest sw'ar that you got out jest this side of Murphy's, and in course they'll go piling back there arter you. Now, Judge; now's your time!"

Smith leaned over and opened the coach door, and as he did so the coach came to a sudden stop, and Smith caught sight of a group of masked horsemen blockading the road beyond.

"Pard," he cried, as he drew his head into the coach, "they've trumped our trick!"

"I'll sell my life dearly!" the Judge exclaimed, grasping his weapons.

"Hold on; I know a trick worth two of that!" and Smith, as he spoke, grabbed the semi-military cloak which the Judge wore and wrapped it around his own shoulders; then, before Durell could say a word, Smith jumped out into the road.

"What is the meaning of this outrage? Do you know that I am Judge Durell, of Austen?" he cried, apparently in great indignation.

"Get on, driver!" yelled the masked man at the head of the coach horses, giving them a violent lash with his whip.

Away went the coach down into the defile at headlong speed, the driver perfectly satisfied that the single passenger inside was that "sharp" Smith, and that the Judge was in the hands of the masked men.

"Two minutes to say your prayers in!" cried one of the mob, brandishing a rope.

There were twenty at least in the party, all masked and brandishing weapons in their hands.

"Two minutes to send you to blazes!" yelled Smith, suddenly producing a pair of self-cocking revolvers from under his cloak, and opening fire upon the crowd.

Crack, crack, crack!

The sharp, quick reports sounded upon the air. Down went a masked man, shot through the temple; away dashed a frightened horse, dismounting three or four more of the masked men in his headlong progress. Into the bushes at the side of the road went Smith, a dozen bullets pattering around him, and not one inflicting even as much as a scratch.

The lynchers returned to Spur City in sad disorder. On the return of the coach from Austen they learned that it was not Judge Durell who whipped them single-handed.

The Fellow that Looks Like Me.

Max Adeler, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slimmer, who deserves pity He was going up to Reading not long since and when reaching the depot he happened to look in the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confounded; and ere he could find utterance for his feelings, she exclaimed,—

"O Henry, dear Henry! We are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face and smiled through her tears.

"Madam," said he solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, permit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat, it will excite remark."

Then she buried her bonnet deeper into his waist-coat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said,—

"O Henry, how, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my husband?"

"Madam," screamed Slimmer, "if you do not cease sopping my shirt bosom, and remove your infernal umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say."

"The children are here," she persisted. "They recognize their dear father. Don't you, children?"

"Yes, yes," they exclaimed, "it's pa, it's our dear pa."

And then they grabbed Slimmer by his trouser legs and hung to his coat tail.

"Woman," he shrieked, "this is getting serious. Unhand me, I say."

And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace—while all the brakemen, and the baggage master, and the newsboys stood around, and said his conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer—and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with that carpet bag, and sat on him, and smote his nose and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being in the world.

Amusing Incident at Cards.

The author of "Some Time in Ireland" is responsible for this story:

My father, being no card player, found these meetings not at all to his taste. Accordingly, he never attended those which were held at other houses, and expressed his desire of absenting himself from those at our own.

"But, my dear Mr. Rockford," argued my mother, "surely common politeness demands that you should receive your guests at your own house; you can vanish in half an hour if you like."

"Agreed. I consent, then, for half an hour to be victimized at the shrine of politeness."

One evening a laughable mistake occurred. Among our guests was a middle-aged spinster—remarkably prim and stiff—named Lambert. My father, impatient to be off, and yet not quite sure whether the stipulated half an hour had expired, stole up softly to the table where the whist players were intent on their game, and taking it for granted that he was addressing his wife, stooped down and whispered in Miss Lambert's ear:

"My dear, may I go to bed now?"

Down fell the offended spinster's cards—up she started from her chair.

"What have I got to do with your going to bed, sir? What do you take me for? How dare you insult me thus—and in your own house?"

The whole company was convulsed with laughter. My mother immediately comprehended the situation, and as soon as she could recover her composure, explained the mistake. It was long before Miss Lambert could be pacified, or brought to believe that it was either a bad joke or a deliberate affront. She had not learned the lesson that if, through malice or mistake, one of a company is made ridiculous, the wisest course is to fall in with the humor of the moment.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

There were four of them and they were young bloods: young bloods. You have seen a young blood. He is the son of his father and his father is rich. He is called a young blood because he bleeds the old man. The young blood toils not, neither does he spin—but his head spins once in a while. Well, there were four of them. It was Sunday night. They had been out to Rinkle's and were coming home on the St. Charles rock road. They sat in a two-seated buggy, drawn by a dashing span of bays. Presently they come to the large open common at the intersection of the rock road and King's highway.

Here an episode occurred. You have all seen an episode.

It is something sudden.

And so unexpected.

It seizes you with amazement. Transfixes you with awe. In this instance the episode mashed your nose.

A countryman was driving home in a lowly truck-wagon drawn by an aged and methodical gray horse. The young bloods came dashing up with their prancing bays. The young bloods were beery.

But the countryman had about two drinks of whiskey in him and hence had the advantage.

A gill of whiskey contains the same amount of fight as a gallon of beer, and then it is so much handier and less cumbersome.

The young bloods drew rein and the countryman hallooed whoa! The y. b. asked the c. if he could tell them where they were going.

The profane c. told them "to hell."

Then one of the y. b. said "you're a blank d—— liar."

At this the countryman laid down his lines, and got out of his truck-wagon right in the middle of the road, and made a speech as follows: "You roosters has lit on the wrong fence. Just one of you stay in the wagon and hold the horses and the other three git right out here. I ken lay all the dust between here and town with ye. Oh, I'm the feller that ken keep the flies off. I'm better than eny muskeeter bar. Just one of you hold them horses—my old mare'll stand without hitchin'—and the balance just waltz to Joseph right here now Come on! git out!" And the irate countryman announced his firm belief in the canine parentage of the young bloods. Then he danced and pranced up and down the road and kicked at the horse cars and gyrated his long arms and threw his old slouch hat high up in the air. "Oh, I'm a catamount, I am. I like to be stopped in the middle of the road, I do. I'm a four-year-old bull pawin' up big clouds right out of the ground, I am. I'm a whole menagerie of royal Bengal tigers, and a cage of grizzly bears. I've fit in the ring, I have. Git out here! Git out, I say, and I'll show you whar you're goin'!"

Then three of the young bloods pulled off their coats and accepted the pressing invitation. The other sat in the buggy and held the horses. He was the lucky one. He could go to see his girl the next night, if he wanted to, and not have to tell her that he had been out to the base ball match and got hit with the ball. The best place in that vicinity was in that buggy, holding the horses.

Well, the three bounded out. Then the countryman set those long arms going, and the three immediately imagined that the hot spell had bro't on a tornado, accompanied by an earthquake and enlivened by rapid strokes of lightning.

That countryman seemed to have about fifteen fists.

"I'll tell you whar you're going," he yelled, as the first of the three tried to climb over the fence on his east ear.

"Thar's whar *you're* goin'," he shrieked, as the second of the three executed a back somersault in the ditch.

"An' this is the way for you to travel," he yelled, as the last of the three tried to balance himself on his nose in the middle of the road.

He started for the lucky fellow who was in the wagon holding the horses, but the lucky fellow let the horses go and got out of the way.

Then he made another speech, as follows: "Oh, I'm an earthquake, I am. I'm a volcano right from the bowels of the earth. Give me some more nuts to crack! Give me some more raw meat to chaw up!"

The three slid off behind the fence, down to where number four sat holding the horses, and then slid softly into that buggy, and the buggy slid quietly into town, and then the three slid furtively into a drug store. They had been out to see the base ball match and got hit with a ball. They knew where they were going the balance of that trip. At all events they did not inquire of any more countrymen, quietly driving home in their truck-wagons. —*St. Louis Republican.*

WHERE IT CAME FROM.—It is stated that the tomato was first grown in this country at Portland, Me., in 1816, from seeds brought from Cuba, which were called golden or love apple seeds, and which were planted with the expectation that a nice flowering plant would be the result. From this place seeds found their way to Haverhill, Mass., where the discovery was made that "the tomato was good for salad when cut up and dressed like a cucumber."

George Wilson.

Some years ago, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor lad, whose intelligent eye fixed the gentleman's attention. The boy inquired, "Please, sir, can you tell me of any one who would like a boy to work for him and learn to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents, sir," was the reply, "and have just come away from the workhouse, because they would not teach me to read?"

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town; and took George into his family, where he soon acquired his benefactor's confidence by his faithfulness and honesty.

George soon learned to read, and was allowed the use of his master's library, whereby he made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge.

It became necessary, after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, when he was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won him favor.

To gratify his inclination for study, his kind master had a little room fitted up for him in the upper part of the shop, where George devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits.

He made rapid progress in mathematics, as well as in French and in various branches of learning.

After being in this situation some years, as he sat at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—"for what purpose?"

"Please, sir, will you ask Mr. Gallaudet to call?" continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly, and at tea-time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscript, in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France:

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule for measuring plane surfaces. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then the American Minister to the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles and plenipotentiaries, this youth demonstrated his problem, amid the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and went to the Court of St. James, and gained a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society. He then returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose Ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and became professor of mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Emperor of all the Russias!

One to-day is worth two to-morrows, Boys! use your spare moments well! Had George Wilson been an *idle* boy, spending his evenings in the streets, or in bad company, he would never have "stood before kings."

Pretty Superstitions.

There is a pretty superstition current that when a honey-bee enters a room he brings pleasant news, which seems to have come down to us from the days of Ovid, who makes a hamadryad despatch a bee to warn her careless lover that she pined in his absence.

Once when a child, I visited an aunt in the country, where an apiary had been for years in a lovely green enclosure, under large, overhanging elms, whose graceful branches cast a tender shadow over the industrious and quiet community. Though scarcely nine years old, I was fond of taking a book and stealing away to this secluded spot, where only the birds, the squirrels and the bees, ever intruded. The latter liked me, and perhaps the former, more than I can tell just now; for they alighted on my shoulders or book as they passed to and fro, and I imagined I stood in beautiful relation to all God's dear creatures.

There had been a sudden death in the family, and as there was no one who seemed to need my companionship, I sought my moss-grown stone in the apiary. Here, all was commotion. Bees flying about in wild disorder, not like swarming bees, but as if all were in the air. Some one afterward tied black badges to the hives. I was told that unless this was done at the demise of a member of the family, the bees would desert their hives! Do not be to incredulous; what power comes from simple belief, based upon a sympathy with men in all lesser creations!

A FAMILY of Iowa frogs has been found over one hundred feet under ground, and it is supposed that they have been nest-hiding there for at least a century.

A Lady Lawyer.

About the year 1776 Nicholas Linguet, the celebrated Parisian journalist and lawyer, was at the height of his fame. He enjoyed a great reputation for his skill in getting up cases and surrounding them with such dramatic accessories as were likely to tell on the minds of excitable French judges. One day a beautiful lady, Madame de Bethune, came to ask his professional services in an action about some land, which she wished to bring against the Marshal Duke de Broglie, a great-grandfather of the present minister. Linguet had scarcely heard her to an end when he said,—

"You are so lovely, madame, that your face is worth a speech in itself. What I'll do is this: I will write a speech, and you shall learn it by heart and then rehearse it to me. When you deliver it in court, you must be dressed in a light blue silk, the color best suited to your style of beauty; and if you speak as I shall direct you, I defy any bench of Frenchmen to find hope for the defendant."

The event proved that Linguet knew human nature and his own countrymen well. Madame de Bethune turned out the most apt of scholars. She learned her speech thoroughly, and she delivered it with all the graces of style and manner that might have belonged to a finished actress. It lasted seven hours, and for seven hours she held her judges enthralled.

Midway in the speech, and probably with gallant care for the lady's fatigue, they adjourned to dinner, but it was already pretty evident which way the judgment inclined. Irascibility would seem indigenous to the De Broglie family. During the interval that the sitting was suspended, the marshal sought out Linguet in the Pleader's Hall; and shaking his cane in his face, cried, angrily,—

"Just you make your client speak her own words and not yours, Master Linguet, or it will be worse for you—do you hear?"

Linguet bowed low, and replied, with ready wit,—

"My lord, you have taught Frenchmen never to fear their enemies, and I mean to remember the lesson."

The delicate piece of flattery more than counter-balanced the unpalatable determination it conveyed, for we hear of no unpleasant consequences to Maitre Linguet, and we are told that the beautiful Madame de Bethune carried her suit without a dissenting voice. What will befall the lords of creation when we have lady lawyers as well as lady physicians?

LIVING ALONE.—The Elmira *Gazette* says: It may be very well to be an angel, and with the angels stand, but this being a hermit and living alone, is not quite so fine. At the present writing we don't know much about the angel business, but as to living alone "we know how it is ourself." For two long dreary weeks we have tried it. For two long dreary weeks we have been the only soul in the house. We have had no one to love us, none to ca-hug. All alone we went to bed, not a word to us was said. We got up in the morning just as quickly as we retired at night. There wasn't much house work to do, and the barn chores didn't consume much time. For the first few days we studied economy and boarded ourself. We soon got tired eating the outside slice of bread at every meal, and threw the loaf away and bought crackers. Remembering the dificulty that Brother Beecher had with his dishcloth a few years ago, an account of which he gave in his miscellany at the time, we resolved not to wash any dishes, but just put the dirty ones to soak and use clean ones. As long as the dishes hold out, we shall get along with that part of housekeeping all right, but they won't last always, as the pile of clean ones is daily growing smaller, and the pile of dirty ones larger. The crisis in this particular is approaching, and unless "the folks" come home pretty soon, we shall have to borrow some dishes, For the first few days we made the bed up nicely every morning. For the next few days we put if off till night, and for the last few days we have not made it at all. We were charged particularly to water the house plants, and take care of the bird. The plants have caused us a great deal of trouble, but we left the door of the cage open about the first time we carried that animal off, and he hasn't troubled us much since. Of course, we'll "catch it" when the folks come home, but that is a good deal easier than it is to catch the bird. On the whole, we are free to say that we don't like housekeeping, and if every we should be "born again"—and according to very good authority, we have all got to undergo that operation—we earnestly hope we shan't be born a woman, and especially a housekeeping one. We would rather be an angel.

MYRON B. ADAMS, of Detroit, is a philosopher; Charles Taylor, of the same city, is not.; Observe the difference between the two men. In the absence of Adams, Taylor fell in love with Mrs. Adams, and, anxious to possess his charmer in as many editions as had been issued, eloped with herself and six children, the eldest a girl of fifteen, capable of choosing for herself. Adams, on returning home, decided to take back his children, as being comparatively decent, and told Taylor, that, as his wife was old, weak-minded, vain, and none too good-looking, he might keep her. The propotition was accepted, and further trouble and expense saved, to the satisfaction of all parties.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Sept. 18, 1874.

Democratic Nominations.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HON. WARREN J. WOODWARD, Berks.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
HON. JOHN LATTA, Westmoreland.
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
Hon. JUSTUS E. TEMPLE, Greene.
FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
GEN. WM. M'CANDLESS, Phila'a.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democrats of Cambria county are requested to meet at the usual place for holding elections in their respective districts, on SATURDAY, SEPT. 19TH, between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock, P. M., to elect two delegates to the Democratic County Convention, which will be held in the Court House, Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 21ST day of SEPTEMBER, 1874, at 1 o'clock, P. M., to nominate a County Ticket.

WM. H. SECHLER,
Chairman Dem. Co. Com.

GO TO to the delegate election to-morrow and vote for none but *good* men.

THE Democratic State Committee will meet at Bolton's Hotel, Harrisburg, on Tuesday, 22d inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M.

THE Democratic conferees of the present Huntingdon Congressional district met at Newport, Perry county, on Wednesday of last week. No nomination however was made at that time, Hon. R. Milton Speer having six votes, and each of the other five candidates receiving three votes. The conference then adjourned to meet at the same place on yesterday. Of course, as our paper goes to press on Thursday afternoon, we cannot announce what result, if any, that has been arrived at.

THE Maine election has astonished everybody outside of the State by the fullness of the vote. The Democrats more than held their own and have made large gains in the Legislature. That the Republicans have not fallen more largely behind in this State is due to the extravagant efforts made by the friends of Mr. Blaine, who wish to give him a good send-off as a Presidential candidate. Despite Blaine, however, the Republican canidates are elected by reduced majorities, and Maine falls into line with Vermont by making a losing fight where victory could not be doubtful.

TO-MORROW is the day fixed for the election of delegates from each election district in the county, to meet in convention at the Court House in this place, on next Monday, to nominate a Democratic county ticket, and to perform such other duties as may be deemed necessary. We have only one request, or rather demand, to make of the Democracy of this county, and that is that they elect none but the most intelligent and reliable men as delegates, because on their action the success of the coming battle principally depends. The aspirants for nomination to the different offices are all gentlemen of well known reputation, each one of whom has his warm and enthusiastic supporters.—Let, then, the Democratic convention next Monday be composed of a body of men who will honestly represent the integrity of the party, let them put in nomination a ticket which will be an honor to the county—and then let the Democracy go to work and repudiate the present State and national administrations by a majority of eight hundred, which can easily be done if the county ticket is as unobjectionable as the State ticket, and if candidates for nomination will act the part of honorable men after the tribunal to which they have voluntarily submitted their pretensions have passed upon them.

POOR LOUISIANA! This State, afflicted above all her sisters in the reckless mismanagement of her public affairs, has just emerged from another of her oft-recurring domestic convulsions. The tyranny of is Governor Kellogg's government, which aptly denominated by high Republican authority as a "usurpation upheld by force," became absolutely insupportable, and the people of the State, as if animated by one impulse, arose to throw off the yoke of the oppressor and install the legally-elected government. The conflict reached a culmination on Tuesday, when a band of militia ten thousand strong surrounded the State House and caused the surrender of it and Kellogg and his staff. The reins of government were immediately assumed by Lieutenant Governor Penn, acting Governor in the absence of Governor McEnery, whose election in a strictly legal manner in 1872 is not and cannot be denied. A considerable amount of blood was shed to attain this result, which is very much to be deplored. But the rectification of a wrong so monstrous as the Kellogg usurpation was never yet accomplished without resort to force. An appeal to the ballot box had been recommended, but lessons already learned have taught the people of Louisiana to believe that the will of the majority thus expressed is always ruthlessly set aside. Governor Penn, in a dispatch to the President, says that the action taken is "supported by the great body of the intelligent and honest people of the State."

Kellogg, after his ejection from the State House, took refuge in the Custom House, under the protection of Federal bayonets, and later in the day a proclamation was promulgated by President Grant requiring Penn and his party to dispense within five days. Kellogg was placed in power before by the President against the expressed wish of the people, dispite the illegality of his claims, and of course his native imbecility will not now permit him to recede from the position there assumed by him. The army is being put in readiness to move, and the contest cannot be doubtful. Penn will be ousted, and Louisiana once more delivered over to the hand of the oppressor.

Such is radical rule. How do you like it?

AT eleven o'clock on Saturday night, a vote was had in the South Carolina Republican convention and David H. Chamberlain, aged thirty-seven, native of Worcester, Massachusetts, attorney general during the administration of Gov. Scott, of Ohio, was nominated by a vote of seventy-two to fifty. Moses was practically withdrawn on Friday, and threw his influence for Judge Green, a man of honest and fair ability and a native of the State, but not acceptable to his party. Mr. Chamberlain's nomination was made in convention by State Treasurer Cardozo (colored), who said that he did so at the recommendation of President Grant. We copy from the telegraphic correspondence of the *New York Tribune* an account of the proceedings that followed:

Green and Winsmith were then nominated, and their friends began an attack, not only on Mr. Chamberlain, but on his supporters. The latter retorted, and there was crimination and recrimination, and the excitement rose so high that a free fight seemed imminent. At one time, a motion for a recess being declared adopted, Gen. Elliott (colored), a member of congress, disputed the decision of the President and attempted to put Congressman Rainey in the chair. Rainey advanced amid great disorder, when the President, also a colored man, advanced, daring him to come on and declaring that ten men could not move him. This firmness brought about peace, and the decision of the chair was sustained. Nearly every member who spoke for either of the candidates was openly accused of crimes. An honest republican who sat by me remarked: "And the worst of it is that it is all true." Cardozo, who nominated Chamberlain, was charged with felonious abuse of his office as state treasurer, and asked to give an account of $130,000 missing from the sinking fund commission, of which he was a member. General Whipper (colored), who seconded the nomination, was charged with stealing from the state $40,000 as a member of the land commission. These men, in turn, produced papers showing that Lee, Dr. Winsmith's nominator, who made the charges, had drawn pay and traveling expenses as aid-de-camp of the governor, while he was also paid by the United States government, and doing duty as a policeman at the executive mansion in Washington. They showed also that Hayne, a prominent supporter of Green, had drawn $1,000 a month for services as reading clerk of a branch of the legislature, and wanted reform because he could not get more.

It was hard to determine which side had the best of these arguments. The lie was exchanged again, and the treasurer, shaking his fist in the face of another member, said: "I have the papers here to put you in the penitentiary," when the member thus threatened ran across the room and tried to take the papers from him. At times a dozen men were claiming the floor at once. Members arose from their seats and assumed threatening attitudes, and the noise was so great that it was utterly impossible to tell what was going on. These scenes continued, with occasional intervals of comparative quiet, for hours. At length the Chamberlain party, confident of their strength, determined to cut off discussion and carried a motion to that effect, but the minority refused to abide by the decision, and for nearly an hour managed to stave off the vote by speeches, drowned by the cries of the opposition and the continuous rapping of the gavel, and which nobody could hear but themselves. Chamberlain and his supporters were alike denounced. Loud complaints of gag law were made and a bolt was planned and threatened, but the vote came at last, for the opposition could not hold out all night. It stood: Chamberlain, 72; Green, 40; Winsmith, 10.

The nomination of Chamberlain, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, is the triumph of the carpet-baggers. His election will secure to Patterson and other persons of the same disreputable character the results of their industrious robberies. The administration and the army and a heavy majority vote being in favor of the Chamberlain combination, it is altogether probable it will be successful. Moses is discontinued as a law giver, but his principles remain and his associates in infamy continue in undisturbed possession of the field.

THE Democratic State Convention at Pittsburgh adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the nominees and chairman of this convention are hereby authorized to appoint a chairman of the State Central Committee, and that the delegates from each Senatorial district select and hand to the clerk the name of a person to act as a member of said committee.

In accordance with the above resolution the following gentlemen were appointed:

Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee—John Miller, Esq., of Chester county.

First District—Daniel J. McBride.
Second—Timothy Mealy.
Third—John W. Powell.
Fourth—J. J. Young.
Fifth—F. L. Moore.
Sixth—Henry C. Olmstead.
Seventh—John H. Sloan.
Eighth—H. F. Sellers.
Ninth—Tyron Lewis.
Tenth—Nathan C. James.
Eleventh—Charles H. Shaffer.
Twelfth—James W. Apple.
Thirteenth—A. J. Steinman.
Fourteenth—W. Hayes Grier.
Fifteenth—D. W. Seiler.
Sixteenth—M. H. Horn.
Seventeenth—John H. Bressler.
Eighteenth—H. W. Scott.
Nineteenth—Joseph Hemphill.
Twentieth—William Merrifield.
Twenty-first—J. Prior Williamson.
Twenty-second—Charles Barnett.
Twenty third—E. A. Parsons.
Twenty-fifth—F. Arnold.
Twenty-seventh—J. E. Eichholds.
Twenty-eighth—Frank Deisse.
Twenty-ninth—Solomon Foster, Jr.
Thirtieth—C. F. King.
Thirty-first—R. A Dunbar.
Thirty-second—John B. Bracken.
Thirty-third—Benjamin M. Neads.
Thirty-fourth—D. P. Bush.
Thirty-fifth—Thomas W. Jackson.
Thirty-sixth—R. A. McDonald.
Thirty-seventh—S. R. Rutledge.
Thirty-eighth—J. G. Hall.
Thirty-ninth—J. J. Hazlett.
Fortieth—C. E. Boyle.
Forty-first—F. G. Schotte.
Forty-second—W. H. Reel.
Forty-third—George H. Kuhn.
Forty-fourth—John B. Guthrie.
Forty-fifth—John P. Heisel.
Forty-sixth—W. B. Dunlap.
Forty-seventh—George D. Herbert.
Forty-eighth—William McNair.
Forty-ninth—M. Crosby.
Fiftieth—J. B. Brawley.

—In 1869 when President Grant was first inaugurated, the number of federal office holders was 54,207. According to the official register for 1873, the number of federal office holders were 89,660. Here is an increase of sixty per cent. in four years; 32,453 additional officials to get their bread and butter and perquisites from the public treasury. This is civil service reform with a vengence. The appropriations have kept pace with the increase of officials, until our civil list is the most expensive in the civilized world.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, such as horse ail, glander, etc., may be prevented by the use of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. Persons traveling with horses should take note of this.

The Condition of Affairs South.

The managers of the Radical party, sadly put to for a war-cry to turn back the growing strength of the Democratic party, persist in their efforts to create the impression that a war of extermination is threatened against the negro in the South, and that there is no security there to the life and property of citizens who have gone thither from the North. The regularity with which these reports of "Southern outrages," "Ku-klux conspiracies" and the like, are set afloat before the annual fall election in the North is the best evidence that they are designed simply for partisan purposes, and by the desperate tricksters who hope, by elevating the "raw head and bloody bones" of the Ku-klux, to re-open the issues which by the consent of the better nature of all good citizens are fast sinking into the grave of oblivion. We have examined with care the files of our Democratic exchanges in the South, and though throughout they breathe a spirit of strong opposition to the iniquities of the Civil Rights bill, and the attempt to elevate the ignorant negro to positions of political influence, they uniformly express a purpose to acquiesce in the results of the war, and only ask for the right of local self-government guaranteed by the constitution and demanded by every consideration of our general national welfare. Of general interest, as indicating this sentiment, and of local interest as being the testimony of a gentleman from Lancaster county, says the *Intelligencer*, we publish below an interview of the editor of the Livingston (Ala.) *Journal* with Capt. B. F. Herr, a native of Lancaster county. He was interviewed with reference to the assassination of one W. P. Billings, whom it was charged had been murdered by the "Ku-klux Democracy." A portion of the interview was as follows:

Q.—How long have you resided in Sumter?

A.—Five years—lacking a few days.

Q.—Were you in either army during the late war?

A.—Yes; I was in the service in the Federal army.

Q.—What has been the general bearing of the people of Sumter county towards you, during your residence in the county?

A.—Very kind—they have been very kind to me.

Q.—Do you know of any other persons from the North having settled in Sumter since the war? and if so, can you state anything of the treatment they have met at the hands of the people of this county?

A.—I know of a few—one of them a brother-in-law of mine. So far as I know they have been treated kindly—have heard them so express themselves.

Q.—Do you know of any Republican, or any Northern man, having been murdered in Sumter on account of politics?

A.—I do not.

Q.—Were you personally acquainted with the late W. P. Billings?

A.—I knew him as a boarder at my house.

Q.—Were you ever solicited to become a candidate for office on the Republican ticket—and if so, by whom?

A.—I was, by Mr. Billings; Mr. Wells also spoke to me on the subject. I at first thought of assenting, but afterwards declined to do so.

Q.—Did you ever hear Mr. Billings say his life had been threatened by persons in Sumter?

A.—I did not.

Q.—From all the information you have gained respecting the killing of Mr. Billings, do you think it probable that his death was the result of a conspiracy?

A.—I do not.

Q.—Have you ever seen a Ku-klux in Sumter?

A.—I have not.

Q.—Does the article in the *State Journal* give a fair or unfair account of the personal difficulty of which you have been speaking?

A.—It is an unfair account, and does injustice to both parties to the difficulty.

Q.—Judging from personal observation, what is the general character of the Democratic party of Sumter, as to good order and peacefulness?

A.—It is good. I think as good as the general character of political parties in the North.

The above statement is particularly noteworthy, when it is remembered that Sumter county is especially pointed to as the "dark and bloody ground" of Alabama. Mr. Herr's story is doubtless a true one, and verifies the representation of every intelligent man who visits the South and makes an impartial report of the spirit of its people.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of the Eighth District of Georgia, has every reason to be flattered with the esteem and appreciation which his constituents have for him. In a letter to a friend, which was read before the nominating convention, he replied as follows to an inquiry as to whether he would accept a renomination:

It is true that I have entirely recovered from that severe attack of rheumatism from which I was suffering when I wrote to the Greene County Committee, and just at this time I am in as good health as I have been for the last twelve months; but so precarious is my general condition that I feel no assurance of a long continuance of my recent improvement, and have no hope whatever of that restoration of physical vigor and self-locomotion, without which I cannot perform the duties of Representative as I could wish to do. Still, as I have said, if the convention should, from any consideration whatever, take me as I am, "for better or worse," and I should be elected, it would be a pleasure to me, if life be spared, to serve the people of this district to the best of my ability, though not up to the full standard of my wishes, so long as I can raise my voice or wield a pen.

There are very few Congressmen who could be renominated after such a letter as that.

THE anti-Garfield Republican Congressional Convention of the nineteenth Ohio District, after unanimously nominating Rev. R. H. Hurlburt, Presiding Elder of the Nineteenth Ohio District Church, Western Reserve Conference, in opposition to Credit Mobilier, salary grabbing Garfield, adopted the following platform:

Resolved, That the peril of the Government lies not so much in high ambition as in low dishonesty, and that the perpetuity and welfare of the republic imperatively requires us to emphatically condemn the acts of its public servants who, by their support of the back-pay and the increase of salaries, sharing in the proceeds of dishonest Credit Mobilier swindles, by prostituting and selling their official influence to promote the schemes of corruptness at Washington, and other wrongful and unjustifiable acts, have brought reproach and dishonor upon the country.

Resolved, That we deny that party fealty or loyalty should make us forget our manhood and become mere knaves by approving or accepting either men or mercenaries at the dictation of party managers whom we believe to be dishonest or corrupt, and we affirm that the only test of political preferment should be sound principles, capacity, and honesty in the discharge of official trust, and hereby declare that by this chart our course shall be guided.

—The grangers are accused of overstepping the bounds of their announced creed, and of entering into a combination with the Chicago wheat speculators for the purpose of keeping back the wheat crops of the West from the market. This would be worse than highway robbery, for to withhold food from the market is a conspiracy which has for its object the starvation of the poor. For the sake of humanity we hope the accusation may not be true. It should have from both the grangers and the Chicago grain speculators a prompt and effectual denial.

A Study for the Doctors.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

One of the most singular cases of *lusus naturæ* ever known has just come to the attention of the public near Forestville, Chautauque county, N. Y., and should the subject live, as there seems good reason to expect, will afford an opportunity for investigation and study by the medical profession that its members will not be slow to improve. Many singular cases of arrested development are recorded, and nature has at times played very curious freaks with human kind, but there have certainly been few cases that equal this in its interest to the profession, or that will be regarded with more interest by the public. It is, briefly, a living child, now three weeks old, perfect in external form and developments, but with its heart absent from its normal position. Directly below the breast-bone in front is a protrusion of the nature of a rupture, and above this is the heart, covered only by a thin membrane, plainly visible and susceptible of being lifted by the hand outside. The organ itself is the usual size, and performs all the functions that pertain to it correctly, its action being normal and the pulsations and respiration of the child being regular and healthy.

The child is the son of Archibald Mulkins and wife, and was born August 22 last. The parents live about two miles northeast of Forestville, are in comfortable circumstances and in good health. It weighed at birth six and one half pounds, takes its food, sleeps well, and is as comfortable and as quiet as children of that age usually are. It has been visited by a number of eminent physicians, and is in charge of Dr. G. W. Carpenter. All pronounce it a very singular case indeed, and one of them, whom a reporter of the Buffalo *Express* called on, accounts for it in this way: It is a case of arrested development, occurring in an entirely new quarter. He says a part of the diaphragm and all the abdominal muscles in that region are wanting, as well as the fascia and natural skin. It is not likely that the child can live a great length of time, notwithstanding it has every appearance of health at present. The child is said to have been still-born and artificially recuscitated. Dr. A. P. Parsons, a physician of local prominence, has made a stethoscopic examination, and reports the result as follows:

September 7, 1874, I examined the male child of Mr. A. Mulkins, which presents the remarkable phenomena of having the heart upon the outside of the chest and in plain view. The sternum terminates abruptly, and is rather shorter than natural. At the lower terminus is an opening in the skin, muscles and integuments, about three inches in length and two and one-half inches wide, through which the heart protrudes, and is covered only by the pericardium, which is very transparent, and under my magnifying glass the appearance was truly wonderful. The systole and diastole are perfect, giving the blood its proper uniform circulation or impetus. The left pulmonary artery is plainly seen crossing in front of the descending aorta. The ductus arteriosus acts as a ligament between the pulmonary artery and the aorta. The entrance to the superior vena cava is well marked.—The right pulmonary artery is visible in one part only. The heart is perfect in form, well proportioned, and firm in texture as could be expected in a child not three weeks old. The stethoscopic examination of the lungs indicates a normal condition both in development and position, and there is nothing in the action of either heart or lungs to indicate the unnatural position. When the child is crying the heart will expand to nearly twice its ordinary size. The stomach and liver perform their functions properly. It is growing finely, and appears healthy; takes nourishment freely; not very worrisome; and sleeps well. The parents are healthy, and no cause can be assigned for any material influence, except a fall about two months previous to confinement. It is primipara and a male.

A MATRIMONIAL CHANGE OF MIND.—The Baltimore *Gazette* says: "Eliza Godfrey, formerly living near Leavenworth, Kansas, is among the curiosities of womankind. She is an interesting and not unattractive damsel of sweet sixteen; and when one night she was missing, her father set out on a search for her which ranged over six hundred miles of mountain and prairie. The worst of it was that she had eloped with her lover, one, as the sequel proved, unfortunate Mr. Bailey. For when her father overtook her the course of true love had not by any means run smooth. She had traveled over two hundred miles in a lumber wagon over rough roads, and either her affection for the man of her choice had been shaken out of her, or she was of a disposition mighty uncertain. No minister was attainable, and when the Judge arrived to marry them this is how it all ended—a nice little romance spoiled by the cantankerousness of one woman:

"Judge Norton was sent for and came upon the scene. The party assembled, while the eager crowd filled the doorway and windows to witness what next would transpire. Spoke the father: 'Judge, this is my daughter. I wish to give my consent to her marriage to this man.' Then said the Judge: 'Mr. Bailey, do you wish to marry this woman?' 'I do,' said Bailey. 'And you, young woman, would you have this man for your husband?' said the Judge. The young lady looked up and replied, 'Well, Judge, I guess not just now.'"

THE Petersburg *Index* tells a story about Governor Moses, of South Carolina, which indicates that even before the war that official was not a stranger to dishonest trickery. Moses was married in 1859, and went North on a bridal tour, passing through Petersburg. On his way back he lost a trunk containing a part of his wife's wearing apparel. He claimed $550 as compensation for the trunk, which was paid to him by the Petersburg Railroad Company. The trunk was soon after found, and Mr. Moses was requested to take his goods and return the money. He replied that he had duplicated the articles lost, and did not care for the trunk. The company opened it, and as the contents were found to be worth about one-fourth the sum paid to Moses, they again notified him to return the $550 and take his articles. Moses paid no attention to the request until the war had been going on for some time, and Confederate paper money had become comparatively worthless, while laces, ribbons, and the other contents of his trunk had gone up greatly in value. Then he closed with the company's offer, and regained his truk, paying the $550 in Confederate notes.

—A Washington correspondent says: In October, Lieut. Fred. Grant will probably lead to the altar Miss Honore, of Chicago, whose father is reputed so wealthy, and whose sister married Potter Palmer, of that city. One of the handsomest hotels in Chicago is called the Potter Palmer House, in honor of its owner, and a block, almost adjoining, is known as the Honore block. Miss Honore was educated at the convent in Georgetown, and graduated with high honors, taking the first prize for music. She is withal very pretty and stylish. Secretary Fish's son will also be married in October, to Miss Lee, and altogether we shall not have time to take breath between the peals of marriage bells.

MISSIONARIES and others sojourning in foreign lands should not fail to take with them a good supply of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is the most reliable medicine for all purposes there is in the world.

A BOVINE BATTLE OF LONG DURATION.—*Two Oxen Fight Eight Hours.*—The Augusta (Me.) *Journal* has the following account of a protracted battle between two oxen in that State: "Mr. Corydon Chadwick and Mr. Sullivan Erskine have a pasture in common at South China, which they use for the pasturage of cattle. They have the present season had several yokes of cattle in the pasture. Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Erskine have each an ox with a lopped or crooked horn, the right horn of one and the left of the other having that peculiar formation. These oxen were turned loose into the common pasture, and it was between them on that point that the pitched battle of which we are speaking took place. For several days these cattle had been missing; when the other cattle came up these were not among the number. How many days they had been missing before search was instituted is not definitely known, but becoming alarmed the owners went in quest of them. Coming to an opening in the woods, covering an area of about an acre, Mr. Chadwick, who went in search, came upon a sickening spectacle. The looped horns of the oxen were clasped, and the exhausted animals, united compactly, stood face to face, waiting for death, having apparently given up the struggle.

"It is supposed that while they were engaged in play their horns became entangled; failing to disconnect themselves a terrible struggle of several days took place. The open space was literally torn up, as though it had been plowed with a sub-soil plow. When they were turned into the pasture they were large, fat, seven feet oxen, but now they had become so emaciated and famished that a person could almost clasp them round with his arms. They were perfectly docile when found, but Mr. Chadwick could not untie the knot. The horn of each was sunk into the other's head, and it was only by calling help and sawing the horns off that a separation could be effected. There were festering sores where the horns went in.

"Thus a mortal conflict, lasting eight days, had been going on between these oxen, who in that time had not partaken of any sustenance, and perhaps had not been able to lie down. Their jaws had to be pried open, and gruel administered to them. Their heads had been united so closely that their faces were bare to the bone. It is possible the animals may live."

THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA ON GRASSHOPPERS.—His Excellency, Bob't Furnas, Governor of Nebraska, has had close inquiry made as to the condition of the crops in that State, and has issued a proclamation to the people embodying the results. He says that information derived from the several counties (as well as extensive personal observation) warrants the assertion, that though the crops are shorter than for several years before, there is not a failure, and no ground for serious alarm as to the general prosperity of the State. The droughty agricultural year, which has affected the whole United States, and the greater part of Europe, has had its effect on Nebraska; and small grain, therefore, not yielding as was expected at the end of June, are only an average in yield and quality. The small grains were harvested before the grasshoppers appeared; but, as in States north and south this year, the grasshoppers have done damage to the farmers to a considerable extent. Happily for Nebraska, however, very little but corn has been subject to their ravages; and corn is by no means destroyed but will range from half a crop to (possibly) almost an entire failure in a few places. The fruit crop of Nebraska is more in quantity than ever before, but, as a rule, the fruit is inferior in size; and taking the whole range of agricultural products—hay, grain, vegetables, roots and fruit—the State has never before produced so great an aggregate crop. No cases needing relief are yet reported; but at a number of points on the extreme western border, help will be required by the poorer settlers, who have but recently come to Nebraska, whose farming operations, therefore, were not extended and not varied, and who were depending on their corn crop alone for subsistence. Even those who may have to suffer, however, show no disposition to abandon their homesteads. They need employment; and in the case of the homesteaders, have to quit their lands for a time to work in the towns. Says Mr. Furnas: "The more fortunate of our own citizens will meet the former emergency by affording employment, and Congress, which alone possesses the power, will, no doubt, promptly meet the second emergency."

A WIDOW'S WITNESS.—It was told of old that the cackle of a goose once saved Rome. It is now related that a swallow won a suit in court away down in Texas. A poor widow and her daughter had a suit for damages before a court in Houston. The counsel for the plaintiff introduced into his pleading the fable of the swallow that built her nest and reared her young under the eaves of the temple of justice. The lawyer enlarged upon the swallow's trust in the protection of her home the place afforded, and very aptly made the application to the case before the court. When the counsel was about finishing his illustration a swallow actually flew into the room and alighted upon the judge's desk. It then hopped away and found rest for the sole of its foot on the railing of the jury-box. In its circuit of the court room it halted awhile on a pile of law books, then hovered a moment over the heads of the plaintiffs, flew out of the window and away. The counsel concluded by saying: "Behold the witness," and as the witness could not be called back by the opposing counsel, the case was given to the jury pretty much as the swallow left it. The jury could not ignore the bird's evidence, and gave a verdict for the widow. The story is a little birdy, but not in the least fishy. If it was a preconcerted plan of the lawyer, it was very happily arranged and nicely carried out, and deserves a place among court reports and curious pleadings.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURE OF A CHILD.—On the evening of August 28, according to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Mrs. William Prigley, who lives near Crotherville, Ind., left her little three-year old boy in the house while she went to the field near by. Driven into the house soon after by a storm, she found that the little fellow had disappeared. A long and thorough search was made, and a whole day passing without any traces of the child being found, the mother and father were almost crazed, the former in her frenzy attempting to drown herself. On the afternoon of the 30th, a boy passing through some dense woods about four miles from Mr. Prigley's, and on the other side of the river, was attracted by a moaning sound, which on investigation he discovered to come from the lost child, whom he found lying on his back almost dead from exposure and hunger. He at once took the little one home, where medical help was called and everything done to save his life. It seems that the little one had crossed the river on a recently constructed temporary bridge, over which the water had suddenly risen during the storm, and it had not occured to any one while searching for the boy that possibly he was in the woods on the other side of the river. Such an adventure for so young a child was terrible, and it is somewhat remarkable that he could have existed so long, hungry and insufficiently clothed as he was.

—A demented Virginian has eloped with his mother-in-law.

News and Political Items.

—At Boston, on Saturday, Athletic 6, Red Stockings 5.

—A man is about to undertake a walk across the continent from Portland, Oregon, to New York.

—Tring, England, is the home of a woman one hundred and eleven years old who works in the harvest field.

—A mother in New York, sends to a drug store for paregoric. Infant dies: Clerk held in $5,000 bail. Right.

—A Terre Haute (Ind.) girl makes nine feet at a standing jump. She is to jump for a wager at the next State fair.

—Danville, N. J., is proud of the diabolical profession of a young lady who miraculously "turns milk blood-red."

—Now then, let the democracy of Pennsylvania go into the pending canvass to win. An open field and a fair fight is the watch-word.

—Such is the faith of Plymouth Church in the virtue of Mr. Beecher that it is proposed to raise his salary to $30,000 as a compensation for his trials.

—High-toned. A swarm of bees have established themselves on the top of the highest church steeple in Cincinnati, and seem to be very much at home.

—The bankruptcy statement of Geo. O. Evans is published, but it does not contain the promised *expose* of his operations and the patriots who shared his plunder.

—Any girl may raise a mustache by shaving her upper lip every day for about a month. A St. Louis girl has demonstrated this fact, and now wishes she hadn't

—The State of Mississippi which did not owe a dollar in 1867 is now saddled with a debt of three millions and a half, and, what is worse, has nothing to show for it.

—L. H. Collum, while attempting to cross the track between the depot and his stove factory, in Butler, Pa., on Monday, was caught between two cars. He lived about four hours after the accident.

—A young farmer in Madison county, N. Y., raised fifty-eight pounds of potatoes this season from a single seed potato weighing three-fourths of a pound, which was cut up and planted in twelve hills.

—Six years ago a Portland (Me.) girl was married in a $1,200 dress. She is now a resident of St. Clair county, Ill., and at last accounts gained a living for her three children and drunken husband by digging potatoes.

—An Iowa centenarian, 102 years old, recently made the overland trip to California, where he went to see a brother five years younger than himself. The father of these men lived to be 109 years and 5 months old.

—The old defenders of Baltimore celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the battle of North Point on Saturday, by marching around the battle monument. The venerable men, 24 in number, attracted quite a crowd.

—A rogue, in his alphabet, who could neither read nor write, got away with seven thousand dollars, after having been elected county treasurer in Alabama. What will he do when he gets the ordinary carpet-bagger education?

—A large vein of corundum has been found near Unionville, in Chester county, Pa. This mineral serves the purpose of emery. It has hitherto been found in limited quantities, but now the supply of it is said to be immense.

—The employees of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company have been put on half-time, working two weeks out of the month, at eight hours per day. A general stagnation of trade and business is the alleged reason for the stoppage.

—Francis Huber, a merchant of Pine Grove, Schuylkill county, who has been missing since the 4th inst., was found in the mountains hanging to a tree, with his face much disfigured. It is supposed that financial difficulties led to suicide.

—A woman forty-five years old died in an insane asylum in Edinburg after having been confined to her bed for five years. After her death it was found that her bones had become soft and light, and had in fact almost disappeared. She suffered no pain.

—Seventeen Methodist preachers, belonging to one family—two great grandchildren, two grand-children, and five children of the late Luthern Peck, of Syracuse—are to have a gathering at the residence of Mrs. Bishop Peck, in that city, on the 23d of October.

—Julius Mendelssohn, convicted on Friday of forgery, killed himself on Saturday by poison, in the Toombs at New York. His claim of being a son of the great composer was generally looked upon as fictitious. His right name was thought to be Julius Lesser.

—Says the Bedford (Pa.) *Gazette:* 'There are in Pennsylvania 150 postmistresses. It has been common for many years to appoint women to that position, and they are always efficient officers. We believe no one has ever proved a defaulter to the Government."

—Miss Keeler, a young and promising daughter of Mr. William Keeler, of New Hanover township, near Fegleysville, Montgomery county, was severely bitten on the back of her hand by a huge black snake several days since, that will no doubt result in her death.

—Now that Colorado has for the first time since its organization as a territory chosen a democratic delegate to congress, nothing more will be heard of the proposition for its admission into the Union as a state. Colorado has not population enough for a democratic state.

—A new style of steamboat is projected in New Orleans. It is to be built of iron, three hundred feet long, of six thousand tons capacity, and is expected to run twelve miles an hour either way, with a consumption of less than one hundred tons of coal in a round trip from St. Louis.

—J. C. Whittman, a German, about forty years of age, committed suicide on Saturday afternoon at his room in No. 8 Robinson place, Worcester, Mass., by shooting himself through the heart. He was engaged to be married on Monday to a young lady, and it is said he had a wife and two children living in New York.

—Another railroad disaster has occurred in England, on the Great Eastern Railroad, by which twenty persons were killed and fifty wounded. The rate of speed at which English trains are run makes collisions more destructive than they are in America, and they seem to be more frequent now in Great Britan than at any previous time.

—General Sherman is not at all favorable to the movement of sending the troops into the South and taking military possession of the polls. He believes that the military ought to be subordinate to the civil power. Such views as these have rendered it necessary for the General of the armies to remove his headquarters to St. Louis.

—A citizen of Charleston is said to have raised a curious variety of rice. It has the stalk, the blades and the cob of the ordinary corn, but the cob is covered with grains of rice. The seed was obtained from Georgia, where a pond which had been planted in rice for years was drained and planted in corn, the result being a crop of the hybrid rice above described.

—On Tuesday evening last, while on his way home from a political convention at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Anthony Lenahan invited Capt. John Reilly to a seat in his wagon. Soon afterwards Reilly was heard to exclaim, "I am shot!" whereupon Lenahan drove off rapidly. On the Newton bridge the wagon was upset, and the body of Reilly was thrown out, Lenahan running away. Reilly was found to have been shot three times.

—Mrs. Carroll and Mrs. Ford, twin sisters, living in South Bethlehem, each gave birth to twins lately. The attending physician says these cousins are almost of an age—within an hour. These sisters were married on the same day; their first children were born in the same month; their second in the same week, and their third in the same hour.

—If there is any bottom to the depths of wickedness, Charles Disner, of New York, has sounded it. He had three daughters, two of whom he deliberately sold to the keepers of bagnios. The sale of the third was consummated on Wednesday, but he and the purchaser were arrested before the girl's arrival at the house of the latter. What should be done to him?

—Considerable excitement was caused at the Treasury Bureau at Washington, on Saturday last, by Mrs. Skippon, who, calling at the Secret Service division, demanded to see a clerk named Shaler, and, upon his approach, attempted to castigate him with a small whip. After striking one or two blows, she was disarmed by Shaler and finally removed by an officer.

—The halcyon days of Radical carpetbagism is to come again. Kellogg of Louisiana is laying the ropes to steal $10,000,000, and Attorney General Williams has drafted the Federal army to assist him. Give Grant and his forty thousand thieves another term by all means, but see that they are judiciously distributed among the institutions of the various States.

—The states of New Hampshire, Connecticut, Oregon, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas all voted for Grant. They now all give democratic majorities and some of them very large democratic majorities. Yet the radical press affect to believe there is no change of consequence. Milton's Lucifer, though forewarned, could not believe that he would be expelled from Heaven; yet he went headlong.

—The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe* speaking of M. Loyson, says that, except to laugh at him, Parisians feel no further interest in their once fellow-countryman, who is about pitching his tent in the United States. He had none of the stuff of a reformer in him, and still more, he lacked the required learning; he is a fluent speaker, eloquent even, but leaves nothing behind to force or urge one into thinking.

—B. K. Kelton, of Chicopee, has a peculiar little old silver spoon that has an interesting history. It was made about one hundred years ago out of a silver button that a British soldier gave a little daughter of Gideon Saunders, of Groton, Connecticut, and now bears the initials "G. S." At the time it was made the British troops were at Groton, and the soldier gave the button as a plaything to the little girl, then only a year or two old.

—Father Taylor, a clergyman, recently located at Bishop Creek, Cal., was so impressed with a dream that the whole Owens valley country in that State would soon be destroyed by earthquake and floods that he has sold out all his possessions and started for Arkansas. Before leaving he publicly warned his congregation of the impending danger, and advised them to follow his example and depart from the fated region before it was too late.

—Two little boys, sons of Lionel Le[illegible] living in New Orleans, were severely injured on Sunday evening while standing on the deck of a steamboat, by the fall of a stage which was suspended to it by the fastenings of which gave way. One of the little boys died last Sunday night, aged nine or ten years. His little brother is expected to recover. Charles, aged eight years, a son of James Benjamin, was also severely injured by the same accident.

—A Sullivan (Ind.) paper tells a story of an old man who came into town in great haste to get medicine for his child, but missed the doctor's office and got into a saloon, from which he was soon after taken to jail. Sobering off, a few hours after midnight, and thinking of his child, he cried so piteously, saying he would die without him, that he was released. When the wretched father reached home, he found the child beyond recovery.

—Parson Brownlow, the ardent southern abolitionist and well-known radical senator for Tennessee, declares that the passage of the Civil Rights Bill by the United States Senate has brought about the troubles which have broken out in several localities in the South. The radical party of Pennsylvania have endorsed the Civil Rights Bill in the tenth resolution of their platform and have thus deliberately given countenance to the scheme to bring about a war of races.

—In Philadelphia, about one o'clock Monday afternoon James Tozier killed his wife, Sallie Tozier, and then killed himself. The wife occupied a room in the house No. 240, South Fifth street, and was not living with her husband. She was aged twenty-four and he twenty-seven. It is said they had been married only a year. He used a Sharp pistol, firing two balls into her head and one into his own head. They were dead when the officer and crowd attracted by the shots, rushed into the room. Maggie Jenks, sister of Mrs. Tozier, was in the room at the time, and witnessed the tragedy.

—A single patriot in Hampshire county, Mass., serves the commonwealth as selectman, Assessor, Overseer of the Poor, Highway Surveyor, Justice of the Peace and quorum throughout the State; Notary Public for Hampshire county, Commissioner of Insolvency for Hampshire county, Parish Assessor, Parish Collector, Member of the cemetery, Superintendent of the cemetery, insurance broker, insurance agent, conveyancer of real estate, Treasurer of the savings bank, member of the Republican County Committee, Chairman of the Republican Town Committee," and pledged to be ready to act as a mass-meeting in favor of a third term whenever one requires.

—Miss Agnes Holtzman, a young lady of nineteen years of age, and a resident of Pittsburgh, avers that she has been afflicted of speechlessness through the prayers of the priests at the monastery. She has the power of

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - SEPT. 18, 1874.

W. L. FOULK,

Agent of the Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia Press Association.

is the only person in Pittsburgh who is authorized to collect and receive pay for advertisements to be inserted in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN, at the lowest advertising rates.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

...Go to the delegate election to-morrow.

...The attendance at Court this week is extremely small.

...Wednesday, Nov. 4th, has been fixed Argument Court.

...The Cresson Mountain House closed for season yesterday.

...The Loretto Catholic Fair netted the handsome sum of $2,300.

...On account of low water, boating on the Pennsylvania canal has been suspended *pro tem*.

...A Millville man named David McDade has been arrested for having one wife too many.

...Altoona has had a Charley Ross sensation and Johnstown threatens a similar in-dition.

...The sun will "cross the line" next Monday—silent which time, as the almanacs say, "no-rain-may-be-expected."

...Mr. Charles H. Bergner, son of the late George Bergner, succeeds his father in the management of the Harrisburg *Telegraph*.

...Somerset is rising from its ashes, and is going to build a hotel four stories high, 72 feet long and 60 wide, and to contain 90 rooms.

...Wonder if the chap who borrowed a shot-gun and sold it to his father-in-law for two *bits feels* as if he had made a nice thing of the old gentleman?

...Linda, a three-year old daughter of Mr. T. Jones, of the East Ward, broke her right arm on Saturday afternoon last by falling off a washing machine.

...The Amateurs of Johnstown beat the Stonyfork of Braddock's Fields in a game of base ball played at the former place last Monday, the score standing 18 to 17.

...It was certainly not our fault that "Delegate's" reply to "Uncle Sam" failed to reach us until Wednesday evening, when our available space was provided for.

...A grand ball of the railroad engineers of the Western Division, Pa. R. R., will be held at the Summit Mansion House some time during the latter part of this month. A game of base ball was played here on Friday afternoon last by the Mountain City Club of Altoona and a picked nine of this place, 43 to 22 in favor of the former.

...A cake was presented to the Ebensburg Cornet Band on Wednesday night by Mr. R. H. Thompson. The occasion proved to have been a most enjoyable one.

...A young man named Jacob Menser, formerly of Scalp Level, this county, was killed at Falls City, on the line of the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, one day last week.

...A bee-tree on Brush mountain, Blair county, was cut, the other night, and found to contain ten feet of a solid comb about one foot thick, which yielded two hundred pounds of honey.

...Gen. Langhorne Wister was on Tuesday renominated for Congress by the Hunting-don Republican conference. And now echo answers repeating—Who in thunder is Gen. Langhorne Wister?

...A stolen horse which had been left at a livery stable in Johnstown was lately retaken by its rightful owner, a Green county man. The thief, though anxiously looking for, was not picked up.

...A citizen of Roaring Spring, Blair county, left home for Pittsburgh just prior to the late flood in the latter place, since which nothing has been heard of him. It is generally believed that he was drowned.

...The Altoona *Evening Mirror* has been greatly improved, and gives every extravagant evidence of the enjoyment of that degree of prosperity which maketh the heart of the printer man glad. All of which we are glad to note.

...Gen. G. B. McClellan did *not* address the veterans of the 125th regiment P. V. at Altoona yesterday, but a number of other distinguished gentlemen succeeded in furnishing the quantity of mental pabulum that was necessary for the occasion.

...Wm. Bell, an amateur aeronaut, made an ascension from Altoona last Saturday. He lit upward to the height of 15,000 feet, and made a safe descent in the neighborhood of Hollidaysburg. The journey occupied one hour and ten minutes.

...As we are not in clover, and consequently, it is certainly no fault of our kind friend, Mrs. Samuel Henry, who has been a large number of four, five and six of clovers, gathered from her own garden, which are quite a curiosity in their way.

...Mr. A. Richards, a young man who boarded at Foster's Hotel, this place, for several weeks this summer, died at his home in Indiana on Tuesday last. Though in delicate health for some time, he was confined to his bed only three days before death ensued. Typhoid fever was his disease.

...The story comes from bad authority, the Johnstown *Tribune*: "The most successful hunter at Ebensburg just at present is Editor Mike Quartz, of the Branch. He don't have much extra time on his hands, but nearly every day he kills from as high as a dozen squirrels."

...Allen Green, whom we noticed in part of last issue as having been killed by falling through one of the C. I. Co.'s ore dumps at Conemaugh, breaking his neck, in consequence of a car shutter giving way, while en route from Altoona to Hollidaysburg, Thursday week, was a tramping typo from Ohio. Now that our available young townsman, Schwab, has been so fortunate as to secure the place as the Loretto fair, no doubt his young lady friends will be vieing with one another in the effort to secure Father Boyle's pony, which is also up for chances. It will be no nice to hitch teams, you know. Lots of people were in town this week, and many of the married men comprised in the crowd have gone home without buying a dress or a bundle of dry goods or groceries at the cheap store of Myers & Lloyd, despite their respective wives have made a wish by this time that they had never been to court—either them or the county.

...Charles Shuis, a tramp, who was attempting to steal a ride west on a freight train on the P. R. R. on Monday, was put off the train near the Callan House, Cresson, by the conductor. He claims that he was ejected while the train was running at a pretty rapid rate of speed. At any rate, his left foot was badly mashed by the cars, and, being friendless, penniless, he was removed to the Poor House on Tuesday.

...With all due respect for the judgment of our good friend, A. H. Fiske, Esq., we really can't see wherein a statement and admission is called for as an act of justice to the idle spectators who listened to the disgusting details of an alleged rape case on trial here last week. Those who sat it thro' only deserve no apology, while those who were in disgust, if any, were not of course interested in our strictures.

...Mr. Wm. G. Krise, of Clearfield township, brought to our office on Monday a twig only one foot in length, cut from an apple tree on his farm, laden with twenty-four well developed apples clustered together as close as they could be, bearing a striking resemblance to an enormous bunch of grapes. The twig is now on exhibition in our office, subject to the inspection of the curious in such matters. Can any of our farmer friends see it and go one better?

...Attention is invited to the advertisement of the Eagle Planing Mills, Mr. M. Simon, proprietor. It is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in western Pennsylvania. It is a bee-hive of industry. It employs upwards of one hundred mechanics, and is superintended personally by the proprietor in person. A large stock of lumber and the material adapted to can always be found in this establishment.

...The remains of Rev. J. W. Edie were interred in Penningtonville, Chester county, on Saturday afternoon last. A very large concourse followed them to the tomb, one and all of whom dropped a tear to the memory of one universally beloved and esteemed. We understand that it is not the intention of Mrs. Edie to live in our midst longer than is necessary to close out her domestic arrangements, when she will return to the home of her parents.

...The local editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* should refrain from promiscuous tippling if he can't come nearer the truth than he generally does under the combined influence of whisky straight and lager crooked. Try the experiment, Cas., and see if it don't enable you to tell whether the Commissioners and Poor Directors brought suit against the county, or *vice versa*. As the matter now stands you make those officials plaintiffs one day and defendants the next.

...Considerable excitement was created this week by the unaccountable disappearance on Monday evening last of Constable Patrick A. Burns, of Gallitzin borough, and fears of a mishap if not foul play began to take possession of many minds. All these fears, however, have been fortunately allayed by the receipt of a letter from him to his wife containing the welcome tidings that he was in Fort Wayne, Ind., and if he did not return on Saturday next he would write again. It is now feared that he was somewhat demouted.

...The extremely hot weather which had prevailed for a couple of weeks was brought to a termination on Tuesday by a rain-storm, with the additional beneficial effect of laying the dust, which had arrived at the depth that it had become dangerous to allow small children to attempt to cross the streets. Enough rain did not fall to raise the waters, which are lower than ever before known, but the equinoctial storm is now rapidly approaching, and then, as the weather sage of the Blacklick was wont to say, there will likely be no more complaints on that score.

—The festival of the Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band, which opened on Tuesday evening and closed on Saturday evening of last week, netted the sum of $107—an amount not sufficient to secure the accomplishment of their praiseworthy ambition, the employment of a first-class teacher, but a sum for which they are none the less thankful to a generous public, and especially to the ladies, young and middle-aged, who did so much to make the festival attractive and successful.

—A picnic in aid of Mt. Gallitzin Seminary and schools is to be held in this place on Wednesday next, and as the preliminaries are in the hands of ladies and gentlemen who know full well how to provide for such emergencies, the proposed festivity cannot fail to prove one of the most attractive and enjoyable of the season. More than that, the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who are having an extensive addition made to their fine buildings in this place, very much need and certainly very much deserve a benefit of this kind. All therefore who wish them well should avail themselves of this opportunity to make their good wishes bear good fruit. "By their works ye shall know them."

—A new Ward has just been added to Altoona, not of that kind, however, which demands political recognition and "sich like," but a member of the Ward family in the person of our young kinsman, M. H. Ward, who has gone hither to take a hand with his no less gentlemanly brother Al. in the management of the "little grocery round the corner," i. e., on 13th street, between 15th and 16th avenues. The Messrs. Ward will make a strong business team, both being well calculated to attract and retain custom, and as such we commend the new firm to the patronage of the public, knowing as we do that prime groceries, fair prices and courteous treatment of all comers is the basis upon which they propose at all times to conduct business. Give them a lift.

...The Clearfield *Reveille* says that during the recent session of the Glen Hope camp meeting, in that county, a politician assumed the role of hackman and took a load of friends out on a free drive. The rest of the story is thus told: "After getting far, far from home, he landed the party at a pleasant farm house, shook hands around the ring, patted the dog on the head, stroked the cat's back, and condescended to perform those little courtesies of life that win men's hearts—just before the elections. It is not necessary to repeat the language of our friend, nor shall we describe his 'Phinx' when he learned that his liberality had been wasted on the good people of Cambria county. About two hours after a man of his complexion was inquiring for the Clearfield county line."

—If our County Commissioners and Poor Directors had not had the advice of counsel and the action of all who preceded them to shape their course by, and if the work for which they charged extra was not as well done and at less expense, as Judge Dean took occasion to remark, than it could possibly have been done by outsiders, whom the Commissioners at least have the right to employ, the startling head lines in the Johnstown *Tribune* about Democratic office-holders attempting to bleed the county by putting in bills to which they were not entitled, would possibly mean something besides a very insignificant attempt to make political capital. When the county gains instead of loses in a transaction, and when the suffering poor receive that prompt attention which emergencies often demand, and which they may possibly look for in vain hereafter, we fail to understand the difference between paying county officials or paying other people for such services, the law to the contrary notwithstanding.

Among the leading spirits who did so much to make this delightful excursion and picnic what it really was, a complete success, we were glad to meet and form the acquaintance of such whole-souled gentlemen as Messrs. A. Kipple, W. A. Adams, N. F. Cunningham, —— Brooks, and many others of like ilk, not forgetting as among the most honored guests Mr. Wm. J. Kennedy, foreman of Engine No. 3, Pittsburgh, who is every inch a fireman and a gentleman.

THE MOUNTAIN CITY BASE BALL CLUB AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.—As the Mountain City Base Ball Club of Altoona saw fit on their return home to express dissatisfaction with the treatment vouchsafed them while on a visit to this place on Saturday last, permitting if not authorizing the assertion through the *Tribune* that they "didn't form a very exalted opinion of the Ebensburgers, and think their method of treating strangers might be much improved," we have been requested to make a statement explanatory of the conduct of the gentlemen who must have given cause for offence, admitting such fact to have had an existence, which they most emphatically deny.

In the first place, then, in order to set all things right, it is proper to say that it was not the Mountaineers who contested the game with the Altoona club, no such organization (Mountaineers) being now in existence, but simply a picked nine of amateurs, brought together without any previous practice as a club and without any serious expectation of being successful. Secondly, in answer to one of the verbal complaints made by the visiting club, we have been requested to say that it was the presumption of those interested, all or nearly all of whom are connected with the fire department here, that the members of the Mountain City club were also members of the Altoona fire company, otherwise the challenge would not have been accepted, and that the reception of one organization would be the reception of both. Thirdly, that the visiting club was requested by our worthy Burgess, D. H. Kinkead, one of the picked nine, to remain at their hotel until his return from dinner, when they would be escorted to the ball ground—a request which they failed to comply with. Fourthly, that all little bickerings and misunderstandings in which either one of the picked nine even seemed to be at fault, were duly explained and apologized for to the then expressed satisfaction of the aggrieved. Fifthly, that the people of Ebensburg have always been proverbial for courtesy to strangers and friends, and that nothing in the reception or treatment of the visiting club could, all things considered, be construed as lacking in anything essential to such a reputation; and, sixthly, that the belief is very general in this community that the old Mountaineers, if once more organized and properly trained for the contest by a little practice, could "knock the spots off" the Mountain City club in short order, if their batting and fielding while here may be accepted as a criterion by which to judge of their skill.

DOINGS IN COURT.—Up to the time of going to press, Thursday afternoon, the following civil suits have been disposed of:

At 10 o'clock Saturday morning, the civil cause of Helfrich vs. Hipps and Lloyd, which was on trial, was withdrawn, and, the list being exhausted, Court proceeded to pass sentence on parties convicted on criminal charges.—Sentence had therefore been passed on Burns and Spiers, convicted of arson, and the only remaining parties convicted of a criminal offense were McGraw, Paulus, and White, the Gallitzin burglars. The two first named were sentenced to the penitentiary for three years each, and the latter to the House of Refuge till liberated by due course of law.

Whereupon Court adjourned.

SECOND WEEK.

The county of Cambria vs. Francis O'Friel. Feigned issue. This was one of the cases where in the Auditors of Cambria county, at their last settlement, refused to accept certain orders, alleging as their reason that the County Commissioners were allowed a stated salary for their services, and that they were, therefore, not entitled to any pay other than such salary. The Court held that the County Commissioners were not entitled to any pay for their services other than that prescribed as their salary in the Act of 16th March, 1872, but that they were entitled to traveling expenses when called out of their office to attend to their duties as such officers. This reduced the amount rejected by the County Auditors to $23, for which amount judgment against the defendant was given, the cost to form the subject of a future decree of the Court.

The County of Cambria vs. John A. Kennedy. Feigned issue. The amount claimed by the plaintiff was $21. This case was submitted as a question for the decision of the Court whether the services thus performed are such clerical services (Mr. Kennedy being clerk to the commissioners) as are compensated for by the annual salary of $600, prescribed by the act above referred to.

The County of Cambria vs. Anthony Anna. Feigned issue. In this case it was agreed by the counsel that the Court, after hearing the testimony of the defendants, shall enter judgment for such balance as in their opinion from such testimony is due the plaintiff—the cause being the same as that of Equity vs. O'Friel—whereupon the Court entered judgment in favor of the plaintiff for $45.50.

Cambria County vs. William D. McClelland. Feigned issue. Same as above, and judgment for $109.25.

The County of Cambria vs. John Bloch. Feigned issue. Mr. Bloch is Poor Director and the circumstances the same as those of the County Commissioners. Some dispute arose in the trial of this cause as to the jurisdiction of the County Auditors, and whether they had any right to audit the accounts of the Poor Directors. It was however agreed that the cases should be heard, and that the legal points thus reserved should be discussed and decided upon at next Argument Court. Judgment for plaintiff for $205.85.

The County of Cambria vs. Peter H. Berg. Feigned issue. Same as above, and judgment for the plaintiff for $188.50.

Cambria County vs. James Farren. Feigned issue. Same as above and judgment for $76.55.

The County of Cambria vs. Isadore Lilly, Steward of the Poor House. Feigned issue. Judgment for defendant.

Emily C. Little and Harriet A. Little vs. E. G. Kerr and John C. Trait, for use of David M. Myers. Feigned issue. E. G. Kerr abandons his claims. The cause continued at the costs of the plaintiffs.

Daniel Stroup vs. Joshua F. Carpenter. Summons in trespass on the case. Settled, and defendant confessed judgment for costs.

William Anderson, D. F. Brum, John R. Chambers and John Fallon vs. Henry Barnhart and L. B. Cohick. Summons in assumpsit. Judgment for the plaintiff for $526.

Cambria Iron Company vs. Christy—ejectment. On trial (Thursday).

PICNIC OF THE ALTOONA FIREMEN.—In accordance with programme, the Altoona (Pa. R. R.) Steam Fire Engine Company arrived here per special train of six cars, on Saturday last, about 9 o'clock a. m., with the avowed intention of taking as much enjoyment out of a basket picnic as could be conveniently crowded into eight hours (not shop time). They numbered 73 members out of a total of 104, (the full complement of the company,) and were accompanied by that splendid musical organization, the Altoona Cornet Band, as well as many of them by their wives and children and others by their sweethearts and lady friends. They were met at the railroad crossing at the east end of town by the Dauntless Fire Company of this place, preceded by the Silver Cornet Band, where the two companies formed in procession, the Altoona fire company in the advance, and marched up High street with bands playing and flags flying, thence countermarching along High street from Julian to Centre, down which latter street they pursued their way to the fine grove near the depot, the parade throughout being the finest ever witnessed in our midst. At the grove proper arrangements had been made for the enjoyment of all, a dancing platform and numerous swings being prominent among the accommodations provided for that purpose. It would of course be like painting the lily to attempt to describe in detail so pleasant a picnic. Suffice it to say that what with tripping the light fantastic, singing, romping, and throwing dull care to the winds generally, the hour for departure came all too soon. As to the more practical part of the entertainment, namely, the various spreads, which were free to all who saw fit to participate, without money and without price, they were simply perfection. The daintiest of viands and the choicest substantials were there in great profusion, with excellent coffee and tea, creamed and sugared when desired, to wash them down. In this connection it may be proper to say that it was the desire of the visiting firemen that the citizens of Ebensburg generally, and the ladies particularly, should be present and partake of their hospitality, but through some inadvertance the invitation was not tendered, and for that reason, and that reason alone, our people were not largely represented on the occasion, albeit there was apparently a sufficiency provided to feed a multitude.

THIRTY-ONE THOUSAND STEINWAY PIANOS.—The Messrs. Steinway & Sons have just turned out their thirty-one thousandth Piano.

The stupendous success of this firm is owing to their great and patented inventions in piano fortes—rendering them the most perfect and durable pianos the world ever saw. One can tell the Steinway from the ordinary common trash as far as it can be heard. Then they outlast any two pianos of other makers. A nineteen-year old Steinway, owned by Mrs. Florence Kramer, of this city, is to-day, as good as ever. Moreover the prices are not higher than those of other makers—the sole agents—Kleber & Bro., being determined to sell at the smallest possible advance. From $450 to $1,000 will buy a fine Steinway. No person of sense, rich or poor, should waste their money on inferior goods, so long as the Steinway is within easy reach. Hundreds of persons thus bitten have, after two or three years' use, gladly made a sacrifice and exchanged their shoddy pianos for the Steinways. In addition, the Messrs. Kleber & Bro. sell the popular Boston Pianos of Hallet & Cumston for half price. An $800 piano for $400, a $600 for $300, and so forth. The Great Burdett Organ also can be found at Kleber's, 122 Wood street. A single hearing will cause the listener to reject all other organs and buy the Burdett in preference. The best and cheapest instruments can be had only at H. Kleber & Bros., on Wood street, Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Chronicle*, Aug. 15.

UROSSOPIA.—During the whole course of our study and practice we have paid particular attention to this old "German mode" of detecting diseases, and especially invite all those laboring under any lingering disease that has not been cured, because, perhaps, the complaint was not properly understood, to send a vial of their *urine* for examination, and have the necessary medicines sent them. We wish it distinctly understood that this "special" invitation is given to those who have sufficiently tried the remedies of their family physican, and have failed to obtain relief at his hand.

If any others choose to apply we will give them our best medical attention also, and promise them relief in every case where a reasonable hope can be entertained.

If we *fail* to detect the "morbid condition," if any; or to determine the nature of the disease, or the organs affected, as the lungs, liver, stomach, brain, kidneys, womb, &c., there shall be no charge made.

Send us a vial of *morning* urine by *express* (*not by mail*) with name, age, and P. O. address of the patient, and we can send the necessary medicines. DRS. OLDSHUE.

152 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

...Through travel on the Pennsylvania Railroad is very extensive just now.

THE BURNS-PATTON HOMICIDE CASE. —*Judge Dean's Charge.*—As per our promise of last week, we publish herewith the charge of his Honor Judge Dean in the case of the Commonwealth *versus* Patrick A. Burns, indicted for killing Manus Patton at Tunnel Hill on the 15th day of June last.

The Judge, after defining the crimes of murder and manslaughter, and stating the evidence necessary to prove either, (which portion of the charge would be of no particular interest to our readers,) proceeded to instruct the jury on the facts of the case on trial, as follows:

To be either murder or manslaughter, the Commonwealth must prove a killing by violence and an unlawful killing; but there still remains a killing, which though by violence is neither murder nor manslaughter, because it lacks the element of *unlawful*. This is justifiable homicide.

Where an officer attempts to arrest one either convicted of or charged with a felony, and the felon flee, and the officer to prevent his escape kills him, it is justifiable homicide in the officer. But, notice, it must be to prevent escape; if the felon in any case can be taken without the killing, it is not justifiable on the part of the officer, but is at least manslaughter.

From the imperative necessity of the case alone the law justifies the killing of one charged with crime rising to the grade of felony. It is otherwise where the party killed is charged only with a misdemeanor. In such case the officer dare not kill even to prevent an escape. Of the evils the law seeks to choose the least. When it comes down to a question whether it is better that one charged with a misdemeanor, such as assault and battery or fornication, shall be killed or escape, the law says he shall escape. But when it is a question whether one charged with a felony—murder, attempt to kill, rape, arson, or burglary—shall be killed or escape, the law says he shall be killed; and in preventing what would otherwise be an escape of the felon, the officer is justified in killing.

You will now turn your attention to the evidence adduced on the one side or the other in this case. It appears that one Manus Patton, a young man not over twenty-five years of age, a resident of Gallitzin, was charged on oath of one F. D. Burk, on the 23rd of October last, with having, on the night of the 21st of October, made an assault upon the latter with intent to kill. From the information it appears he fired a pistol at Burk when a few feet from him, the ball entering the side of the door near Burk's head. On this information a warrant for Patton was issued to the constable of Gallitzin, who returned "not found." On the 13th of June last a third writ was issued for his arrest and placed in the Sheriff's hands. The Sheriff in writing on the back deputed Patrick A. Burns, constable of Gallitzin, to execute it. The writ was handed to Burns about 5 o'clock p. m. of Sunday, the 14th. On the evening of the 15th, between 8 and 9 o'clock, Burns, in company with Michael Fitzharris, started from Gallitzin towards what is called the "Fair House," a building about 500 yards from the town, where they had reason to believe they would find Patton, the purpose of arresting him. On approaching the place they discovered Patton with some fifteen or twenty companions. Patton was standing up at the time, and seems to have seen them as soon as they saw him. A companion of Patton, Joseph Murphy, called out, "There is your man coming, Manus." Burns was then approaching from an easterly direction. Patton started to run south along a fence which led to the head of a lane. Burns started to run to intercept him, and would have reached the lane first, both however running in the same direction, somewhat diverging. Patton, when he could not reach the lane, turned and was about getting over the fence, indeed was on it, when Burns fired a shot. About this time, or immediately before, he had called to Patton, "Stop, Manus, you are too late now." When he fired the first shot he was from four to five yards from Patton. Patton, after the shot, either jumped off the fence or fell off into the field, and then jumped up and continued to run across it. Burns climbed the fence and pursued. One or two state that they noticed Patton's speed diminished after the shot, that he appeared crippled, but testify that they did not notice anything of the kind. At about twenty-five yards from him, Burns, while still pursuing, fired the second shot. Patton continued on across the field, and was in the act of climbing the second fence when Burns fired the third shot. Patton fell down just outside of the fence and died in a few minutes. It is not denied that he died from the wounds inflicted by Burns. An examination of his body by Dr. Devereaux showed two bullet wounds—one entering from behind, immediately below the shoulder blade, and passing upward towards the top of the chest, the ball in its course severing the large arteries being severed by this ball, and death certain from it in a very few minutes. The other ball entered the right leg from behind, immediately above the knee joint, and lodged in the bone. It was not necessarily fatal, though of itself would have resulted fatally without prompt surgical attention.

The testimony shows that Patton knew Burns had a warrant for his arrest, and doubtless he knew the constable's errand that evening; knew that he was approaching to arrest him. Burns then was an officer, and was there for the purpose of performing a lawful duty. The evidence shows that Patton was charged with a felony, and although not yet tried and found guilty, he must be regarded by the officers concerned in the proceedings preliminary to his arrest and trial as a felon. It has been argued by the commonwealth, he must be presumed innocent until his guilt is proven, but the magistrate before whom the complaint was made must assume for the time being that the complaint was true, and the officer in executing the warrant of arrest must assume that it was truly entered upon the magistrate's docket; he could not assume he was innocent and refuse to issue the warrant, nor could the constable so assume and neglect to execute it. So far as the performance of their duties, then, was concerned, Patton was a felon, and at the time Burns attempted to arrest him he was an officer attempting to perform a lawful duty. Did he perform it in a lawful manner? Or your answer to this question depends the guilt or innocence of Burns. If you answer yes! then he committed justifiable homicide, and must be acquitted; if you answer no! then he is guilty of unlawful killing, which is at least manslaughter.

Burns being an officer with a warrant of arrest for Patton, a felon, the officer had a right to shoot down the felon to prevent his escape. The only question whether he overdrew his right. This is the law. While the life of the citizen is of high value, there is one thing which the law esteems of higher value, and that is the supremacy of the law itself. Shall felons—murderers, ravishers, burglars—escape punishment with impunity? When fleet of foot, shall they laugh at and treat with contempt the officers, the writs of the people, the commonwealth? No government, least of all ours, which depends for its existence on the obedience and respect of the citizen to and for the law which he himself has assisted in making, can afford to thus have its officers and writs evaded. And the law says to the officer, if you cannot otherwise arrest the felon when he attempts to escape, you shall kill him.

Where, however, a killing by violence on the part of the officer is shown, the burden of proof is on the officer to show that it was justifiable. He (Burns) must show in this case to your satisfaction that he could not have prevented the escape of Patton in any other way than by firing his pistol.

It is urged on part of the defence that the ineffectual attempt on part of the constable to arrest Patton on the first warrant issued by the Justice—the failure to take him on the two previous writs in this Court—the subsequent escape of Patton for months from his residence—his declaration to Patrick Smith that he could outrun Burns, and didn't think Burns would shoot—and the fact that Patton was an athletic young man—all show that Patton had been evading the officers and avoiding arrest by successful flight, and that he intended to escape from this fourth writ in Burns' hands in the same way—that he was entirely able to do as he threatened, outrun Burns.

It is further urged, that as soon as he saw Burns he ran in the direction of the lane. Burns, having the shorter distance to run, was bound to intercept him, when he turned and was about to jump the fence and thus place a barrier between him and the officer—that Burns called upon him to stop, but Patton not heeding, he fired the first shot—that he fired the other shots while Patton was still running, without being aware that the first shot had struck him, if it did strike him—that at the firing of every shot Patton was in full flight, gaining on the officer.

If three shots were fired, what two of them hit is not clear from the evidence. From the course taken by the ball which entered the shoulder, it would appear to have been fired when Patton was crossing either the first or second fence—it penetrated the body upwards and inwards, indicating that Patton was in a stooping position when it was fired. The defendant urges that as this was necessarily a speedily fatal shot, it could not have been the first, and as neither of the other shots had the effect, so far as Burns saw, of arresting Patton's flight or diminishing his speed, he was justified in firing the third shot, as Patton was gaining on him and must soon have reached shelter or a place of concealment. Was it necessary to fire a pistol to prevent Patton's escape? If Burns had not fired would Patton have escaped? If he would have escaped then the officer was justified in firing. Or had Burns good reason to believe, in view of the circumstances then existing, and did he believe, that the shots were necessary to prevent the escape? It may appear to you now, after ample time for cool investigation, abundant opportunity to ascertain all the facts, that Patton was wounded by the first shot, which was not fatal, and that thus disabled the officer before long could have overtaken him, thus rendering the last or fatal shot unnecessary. But did it so appear to the officer at the time? You are to view the facts as they then appeared to him—the fleeing criminal, the darkness, the activity of Patton, the strength and capacity of the officer as known to himself, the fact that he may not have observed that the first shot struck Patton, if it did strike him. Had he reason to believe, and did he believe, that the shooting was necessary as the facts then appeared to him? If so, he was justified in firing the pistol, altho' it may now turn out that the last and fatal shot was not necessary.

The Commonwealth claims that the defendant exceeded his authority—that he used violent means to effect an arrest which could have been made without. It is not claimed that the killing was malicious, but only that it was unlawful, and therefore that defendant is guilty of manslaughter. It is urged, that when Burns approached Patton, he was 80 yards distant when Patton saw him and started to run; yet that when Patton jumped the fence they were only from four to eight yards apart—Burns having gained on Patton twenty to twenty-five yards—thus showing that Burns could outrun Patton. The defendant claims that Burns, when making for the head of the lane, had a shorter distance to run than Patton. You will see the draft of the ground and determine this fact.

The Commonwealth further urges, that the first shot struck Patton and disabled him—that he fell from the fence into the field—that Burns saw this and ceased pursuit—that only when Patton jumped up and ran the second time did Burns follow—that he could have caught him had he followed immediately after the first shot—that as others saw that this shot had disabled Patton, Burns, being nearer, must also have seen it, and therefore have known any further shots were unnecessary; yet, notwithstanding, he fired two more shots, one of which caused the death, and therefore this fatal shot, being unnecessary, was unlawful. If Burns' first shot disabled Patton, and rendered his capture probable, the second shot, if that was the fatal one, was unlawful. His arrest was all that was sought, and the evidence necessary to accomplish that is all that is justifiable. A single injury inflicted either through want of caution, recklessness, or malice, on the part of the officer, was unlawful, and he cannot go over, and he ought to be punished. But to find the fact that the last shot was not necessary, if any shots were necessary, you must find the two facts, that the first shot disabled Patton, and that Burns knew it had disabled him. As we have already stated, some of the witnesses for the Commonwealth testified that Patton fell from the fence when the first shot was fired, and halted in jail afterwards. The defendant denies that the first shot had any effect, if it struck Patton at all, and he further alleges that if there was any change in his speed, or he was crippled, he (Burns) did not observe it.

It is for you to determine these disputed facts. If he could have been there arrested without firing the pistol at all; or if he could have been arrested without firing the ball which inflicted the mortal wound, the killing was unlawful, and the defendant is guilty of manslaughter at least.

If you have a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt. He has called a large number of respectable citizens, most of whom have known him from his youth up. They testify that his character for peace and order during all that time has been of the best. His counsel argue that in view of the evidence here, it is extremely improbable that a man of peace, one who all his life has been averse to violence, has shrunk from injury to his fellows, would in this instance either carelessly, recklessly, or unlawfully fire a pistol. This is an argument which may be fairly addressed to you. You will consider it and give to the evidence on good character such weight as it ought to have in making up your verdict. Standing by itself, good character would not be sufficient to acquit; in view of the evidence in the case, it may establish to your satisfaction innocence.

Consider all the evidence carefully and answer, was the killing unlawful? If so, then the defendant is guilty of manslaughter; and you must so find without regard to the consequences. If no, the defendant committed justifiable homicide and must be found not guilty.

Notes of Travel.

CARROLL TWP., Sept. 14, 1874.

FRIEND MCPIKE—As you are aware, I was "out on a fly" last week, and during my rambles I visited the capital of the nation (Washington), but as a majority of your readers have either seen or read descriptions of this famous city, I will refrain from entering into details.

Soon after my footsteps cessed to resound on Boss Shepherd's pavements, my face turned at the time in the direction of Alexandria, Va., I came to what is known as the "Long Bridge" across the Potomac, from which can be plainly seen Arlington Heights, the former residence of General Lee, now deceased, whose mansion, built as it is on high ground, commands a magnificent view of the city of senators, representatives, and radical thieves generally, as well as fine views of Georgetown, Alexandria, and parts adjacent. The Union flag waves gracefully over the building, being kept there I understand by order of the General's son.

Alexandria, seven miles distant from Washington, is a brisk business city containing about 35,000 inhabitants, including negroes, who are very numerous. There is a very large harbor here, but the docks are in a miserable condition. In the outskirts of the city, lying along the line of Orange and Manassas R. R., is a very large and handsome cemetery, within the confines of which many Northern soldiers found their last earthly resting places.

After proceeding some seven miles further along the O. & M. R. R., we began to get some idea of the terrible drama which was enacted here during the dark days of the rebellion. There are 5,000 acres on the line of this road, of which the heirs of Gen. Lee are the owners, that were at one time cultivated like a garden, but are now a wilderness of bushes, with no buildings, rails or timber left.

The next stopping place is Burk's station, where there is another cemetery for Union soldiers. Following the road past Fairfax station and on to Manassas, desolation still prevails—no fences and no timber is the story all the way through. Tent-hearths and breastworks are still visible at Manasses Junction, where a confederate cemetery about half an acre in extent is also to be seen. At each entrance to the cemetery is painted in large letters the words, "Confederate Dead." There is a good picket fence around this burial ground, but otherwise it is in a rather dilapidated condition.

Bristow Station, five miles beyond Manassas, was the scene of many thrilling incidents during the war, and various were the anecdotes related to me during my brief sojourn there, but as too much space would be required to relate them now, I will defer mention of them until some future time.

Nokesville (named after Major Nokes, the owner of a large tract of land in that vicinity, and who by the way is not a bloody secessionist, can be found anywhere,) is about three miles from Bristow, and is a thriving village. Strange to say, on the very day that I arrived at Nokesville, hot as is the climate there, I saw fully six feet of snow. I shuddered and thought of the Allegheny mountains, but as I don't wish anybody else to shudder, even at the bare recital, I will say just here that the snow I saw was Major Snow, (military titles are numerous down in "old Virginny,") who resides about one mile from the station.

In my next, if you think worth while to publish this, I will give you a brief description of the soil, products, water, stock, etc. M.

Communication.

FALLEN TIMBER, Sept. 12, 1874.

MR. EDITOR—In the report of criminal trials in the FREEMAN of the 11th inst. occurs this account of one of them:

"Coin'th vs. Jos. W. Gallagher—assault and battery, with intent to commit rape; Elizabeth Ounkst, prosecutrix. This was one of the most disgusting cases ever brought to trial, but, alas for fallen humanity, there were none present to disgust, at least none among the spectators. The state of morals in a certain part of White township, if this case is to be taken as a criterion, is at a very low ebb indeed."

All that we know of this case is simply what is related above, and that is probably enough. From it, however, one would infer that the hearing of its trial could not fail to "disgust" ordinary intelligence and refinement, of which it is to be presumed there was much in the Court room, said to have been well filled with persons from all parts of our county. As this reference might be taken as a reflection upon them, unintentional though it be, would not some explanation or correction be proper, and demanded in justice to those present and to the honor of our county?

But the reference is also made to "a certain part of White township," as if it was responsible for the case or in some way connected with it, when, in truth, the people knew nothing about it. The prosecutrix is unknown here, the offense, whatever it was, was not committed here, and the defendant, though possibly he might have been born and lived here when a child, is believed not to have been a citizen for many years. How, then, the turpitude of this affair can justly be connected with the "morals of White township" more than any other, and thus be made, undesignedly perhaps, but none the less injuriously, to cast its odium over the virtues, intelligence and good standing of its inhabitants, is certainly not apparent.

We do not claim for our people the height of perfection, nor entire freedom from faults such as other places like this are sometimes subjected to, but we do claim for them a good name and a good degree of respectability, as judged by the standard around them; their intention being to live soberly, honestly and righteously, as good citizens, and to shun vice. Especially do we disown for them all countenance for such depravity as that referred to in the quotation.

Our charity will not allow us to believe this fling at White township to have been intentional, for the uniform courtesy of the FREEMAN does not often admit such courseness; but such imputations, so damaging to the reputation of a well-meaning people, should not be suffered to pass unrebuked. A. H. FISKE.

THE autumnal equinox being at hand, a change from linen to woolen clothing is in order. We take pleasure in recommending all who desire to buy fall and winter clothing to the firm of S. J. Hess & Bro., 241 and 243 Main st., Johnstown.

Local Correspondence.

SOUTH FORK, Sept. 15, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* For two weeks the citizens of South Fork waited patiently for the FREEMAN containing "Uncle Sam's" reply to "Demetrius" and "B. R. R." last week, or rather the week before. We were told that the letter had been withdrawn by order to include a reply to "B. R. R.," a fact which, in conjunction with his previous procrastination, led us to presume that when the reply did come it would prove readable at least. Judge therefore of our disappointment on reading the last letter of "U. S." One party remarked in my hearing that it was unanswerable, and in that opinion I fully concur, for there is really nothing in it worthy of a reply.

I must, however, not forget to correct an impression which may be made by the concluding portion of this famous letter, which I do by declaring that I claim no relationship whatever with this particular "Uncle Sam." No doubt he would like to refer to some of the respectables of the township, but I warn him to look around Summerhill and not attempt to fasten himself on South Forkers. Never mind apologizing, Sam. Keep your hat on—I was poor once myself. Candidly speaking, we have no unkind feeling for Sam. We attach no blame to him for being a little weak-minded. On the contrary, we feel sorry for him; and I trust that when Summerhill becomes a borough it will provide an asylum for all such.

And now, Mr. Editor, allow me to say that if the people of that little village can do no better in this correspondence—if they can't find better material than "U. S. R." and "U. S." to champion their cause—they might as well surrender at once. It would afford us a great deal of pleasure to hear from them occasionally, but in the matter of such effusions as those in question I hope they will "give us a rest."

South Fork continues to improve in every respect. Our new church is now receiving the first coat of plaster, the painters are at work on the outside, and we confidently expect to hold service therein about the first or second Sunday of November. Several other new edifices are also going up, and others again are being repaired and painted in fine style.

The new coal works under the management of Mr. R. W. Giddings begin to look like business. The opening for the coal is about three-quarters of a mile from the station. Two subst

A California Cave.

The author of "Sinbad the Sailor's Adventures" must resign his laurels. One W. H. Stokes has been exploring a recently discovered cave near Pine Grove, Amador County, and writes to the "Sutter Creek Independent" an account of his investigations. Mr. Stokes vouches for the exact truth of his narrative in every particular, and we doubt not that the reader will readily credit it from the following specimen description of one of the chambers the party entered. After journeying for a mile and a quarter through the underground passages, Stokes and his party found themselves in a "long but rather narrow chamber, the walls of which are not limestone, but a yellowish brown and black iron ore." This chamber beats Sinbad's magnetic mountain, which drew the nails from his ship and thus caused it to fall to pieces, all hollow. Listen to Mr. Stokes:—

"Upon entering this chamber we noticed a most peculiar disturbance of the magnet, the needle constantly vibrating from side to side, and frequently whirling around for a minute at a time, with a velocity which rendered it invisible. We also experienced a singular sensation—a sort of chill, appearing to commence at the back of the neck and extending to the very tips of our fingers and toes. As we advanced in this chamber we found these singular sensations to increase in intensity until it became almost unbearable. We ventured on still further, however, though it became evident that we could not long remain in this mysterious place. I omitted to mention that the walls and floor of this chamber, especially particular rocks therein, were highly magnetic, and became more so the further we advanced toward the north.

"One of the party who carried a hatchet had it suddenly wrested from him by a magnetic rock near which he passed, and the combined strength of four of us was insufficient to detach it. A pocket knife, which accidentally dropped to the floor, had to remain there, none of the party having sufficient strength in his fingers to pick it up. Mason, who had put on for the occasion a pair of miner's boots, the soles of which were filled with nails, could walk with difficulty, and happening to step upon a portion of the floor unusually magnetic, found himself suddenly affixed thereto, and unable to move. He was compelled to withdraw his feet from his boots and leave them there, tearing up his coat and wrapping the pieces around his feet to protect them from being cut by rocks. We had remained in this chamber about ten minutes, when suddenly the shilling sensation began to increase, the feeling being as if a cold and piercing wind was blowing upon us, and becoming each moment intensely cold. We hastily retreated, and soon reached, more dead than alive, the large chamber containing the hot spring. We then retraced our steps along the twine, and in a couple of hours emerged from the cave."

Fighting With the Feet.

In the Northern countries of England, and especially in Lancashire, kicking is a favorite mode of fighting, and as the poorer classes in that region wear wooden clogs, these contests sometimes result fatally. The custom is one against which strenuous measures have been adopted by the authorities, but with little result. The matter is to be brought before Parliament by petition. Flogging is regarded as the only possible effective punishment, and Parliament will be requested to confer upon magistrates the power of condemning to the lash for the offence. A police magistrate at Oldham, Lancashire, says on the subject:

The practice of violently assaulting parties in the streets at night by severe kicking has been so common of late in this locality that I venture to remark that in all cases of extremely violent assault the law would have to be rigidly enforced, and if it were found to be insufficient, additional power would have to be sought from Parliament to order heavier punishment. My experience teaches me that the moral feelings of the perpetrators of these crimes are so thoroughly barbarous and oblivious to everything that is kind, moral, and just, their habits of life so thoroughly degraded, their homes such sinks of iniquity, that simple imprisonment is no punishment to them. They do not feel it to be a degradation, and the only way to reach their feelings is to mete out to these ruffians as much corporeal punishment as they mete to their victims. You are aware that the lash had a salutary effect upon garroters. The conduct of these kickers is equally vicious and dangerous, and public opinion is strongly in favor of its being applied as a means of punishment for crimes of this description.

Our Cellars.

All the refuse of a house is stored in its cellar, therefore look to your cellars occasionally. Old boxes, bins and barrels, which have contained vegetable matter, meat, fish, etc, need thorough overhauling. It is not that standing in a dark corner they look empty; there may be enough poison left sticking on the sides and bottom to affect the health of the household. This work of cleansing is often left to the women and boys of the family. A man had much better leave his work a day, to make a thorough examination and purification of the cellar, than to be unduly anxious about getting in his crops in extra season. After all the garbage is carried out, let the ceilings and walls be brushed with an old broom; if this is done once a month, the atmosphere will be all the sweeter. Use plenty of lime, and, in dry weather, keep the doors and windows open a part of every day. Old tin and wooden ware should not be allowed to stand year after year upon the cellar shelves If it is not fit to be used, throw it away. The cellar should be kept as tidy as the rest of the house.

The bells of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., have an eventful history. They were brought from England in 1764, and have crossed the ocean five times. They were seized by the British in 1782, and sent back to England; they were sold in London, and returned to Charleston. At the close of the war they were sent back to the foundry where they were made, to be re-cast; and on their return made their fifth voyage.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!!

I T gives me pleasure to inform you that I again have the agency this season for the

TWO BEST

Mowing and Reaping MACHINES

ever brought before the public.

THE SUPERIOR

has a SCREW POWER, has no cog gearing, is SIMPLE, NOISELESS, DURABLE, and a powerful Machine, and runs light. Although only three years before the public, there are over TEN THOUSAND of them now in use, and owing to the satisfaction they have given, it is expected the sale of these Machines this year will double those of any previous season. The REAPER ATTACHMENT to it also HAS NO SUPERIOR.

The Improved Iron Frame

BUCKEYE!

has been before the public about ten years, and the fact that there are over ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY THOUSAND in use at the present time, with a largely increased yearly demand for them, is a better recommendation than pen can indite. They are very simple, strong, durable and light running; and if you want a REAPER AT-TACHMENT at any time, you can have a selection out of four different kinds which the Company manufactures—so you cannot fail to be satisfied.

GEORGE HUNTLEY, Agent.
Ebensburg, June 12, 1874.-tf.

FARMERS!

Money Saved is Money Earned

The undersigned are about introducing in Western Pennsylvania the celebrated **Randell Fanning Mill, Grain Separator and Grader Combined,** which has attracted marked attention in the Western States wherever exhibited among the farmers.

As a Fanning Mill it cannot be surpassed, and it is the only real separator and **grader** in the U. S.

It is simple, rapid and complete, and gives you perfect control in **chaffing, separating or grading** your grain.

The use of the Randell Mill will improve the condition of your grain, enhance the price from five to fifteen cents per bushel: and besides will largely increase the yield per acre, by the higher grade of seed you are enabled to obtain.

With the Randell Separator you can also clean your own **Grass Seed,** thus saving a large annual expense for grass seeds.

This mill works on an entire new principle as applied to Fanning Mills, and does its work to perfection.

Canvassers will exhibit it during the season, when you will be able to judge for yourselves o its merits.

Do not buy until you see it work.
For information, address

McCLINTOCK & CO.,
Meadville, Pa.

One or two good Agents wanted in every county.

EBENSBURG BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE

H AVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of **Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay** on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness Involuntary Seminal losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity Impediments to Marriage, etc.: also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance: Piles, etc.

☞ Price in sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and *radically.*

☞ This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid,* on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Also, DR. SILISBEE'S REMEDY FOR PILES. Send for circular.

Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

A LITTLE CONFAB

—ABOUT THE—

inger Sewing Machine

And Where to Buy It.

COUNTRYMAN—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?

CITIZEN OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I presume it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.

C.—Yes, that's the name of it.

C. OF E.—Well, just down there, two doors east of Zahm's store, is the place, and my word for it you will be well pleased with your purchase if you invest in one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & TATE, the agents, have now on hand all styles and sizes of these indispensable machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating gentlemen who will be pleased to show you the ins and outs of their various machines, whether you desire to buy or not. They also keep thread, needles and all the other paraphrenalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg [4-24.-tf.]

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

H AVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

JUNIATA HOUSE,

Juniata Street, Bedford, Pa.

This well known House has recently been leased by the unnersigned, who, having had many years' experience in keeping a first-class hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO TRANSIENT BOARDERS.

☞ Arrangements will be made by which guests can be furnished with meals at any hour.

TERMS $1.50 PER DAY: $10 PER WEEK.
Boarders taken by the Day, Week, Month or Year.

MARY J. RIFFLE.
Bedford, June 5, 1874.-3m.

Ebensburg WOOLEN FACTORY!

H AVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Ebensburg, Pa.

W ILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.

Sept.20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4-tf.]

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain FURNITURE! AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

INSTYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE.

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD. MORRELL & CO.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and bedmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps,

Boots, Shoes, Notions,

GROCERIEES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.,

In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortments of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

Fine Clothing, Andrew Moses, DRAPER & TAILOR, CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Treat Fruit-Trees.—In considering the growth of organisms, the action of the alkalies is to be looked upon as scarcely less important than that of air and water. Lime is the great animal alkali, and potash the vegetable one; its old name of vegetable alkali expressed that fact, and all the potash of commerce is known to be derived from wood ashes. The importance of potash as a manure has been frequently overlooked by farmers, who rarely know the large amount of this material found in grass, grain crops, leaves, barn-yard manure, roots, and fruits. How potash acts in plants, in conjunction with carbon and silex, to form woody fibre, starch, sugar, and oil, is yet unknown to chemical observers; but the fact of its action is beyond a doubt. Liebig long since pointed out that the chief cause of barrenness is the waste of potash carried off by rich crops, especially tobacco, with no replacement by proper manure. How many millions of pounds of potash have been sent to Europe from the forests of America, and in the grain, tobacco, and hemp! Luckily, one alkali may be replaced by another, and we have received a considerable quantity of soda from European sea-weed and in the shape of salt. Latterly, nitrate of soda, from natural deposits in South America, is brought to us at a cheap price.

The point to which we now call attention is that our farmers and fruit-growers have ignored, or rather been ignorant of, the importance of wood ashes as a vegetable stimulant, and as the leading constituent of plants. Even coal ashes, now thrown away as useless, have been shown, both by experiment and analysis, to possess a fair share of alkaline value. According to our observation, if the practice of putting a mixture of coal and wood ashes around the stems of fruit-trees and vines, particularly early in the Spring, was followed as a general rule, our crops of apples, grapes, peaches, etc., would be greatly benefitted in both quality and quantity, and the trees and vines would last longer. We will relate only one experiment. Some twenty-five years ago, we treated an old hollow pippin apple-tree as follows: The hollow, to the height of eight feet, was filled and rammed with a compost of wood ashes, garden mold, and a little waste lime (carbonate). This filling was securely fastened in by boards. The next year the crop of sound fruit was sixteen bushels from an old shell of a tree that had borne nothing of any account for some time. But the strangest was what followed. For seventeen years after the filling that old pippin tree continued to flourish and bear well.

Let us call attention to still another point of importance in fruit-raising. This is the bearing year for apples and fruit in general in New England; probably it is also in some other parts. Now, when such years come, the farmers rejoice too much at their prosperity, and abuse it, as nearly all people do the gifts of fortune. We should be temperate as to the quantity of our fruit as well as of our fruit juices. By proper trimming and plucking, the apple crop in bearing years may be reduced to but little more than half a crop as to number, but the improvement in size and price, and in the future effect, will more than balance the loss. Next February, March, or April, according to latitude, let the tree-trimmer stimulate and nourish his trees and vines with a fair supply of ashes, and in nearly every case he will have a good crop of fruit in the non-bearing year.

Steel Plows.—A. B. Allen, of New York, says: "I would sooner pay double the price for steel plows than accept as a gift the best set of cast-iron plows to be found in the United States. Though ever so hard chilled or smoothly polished, cast iron will foul, more or less, on the mold-board, in every kind of soil, from a sandy or gravelly up to a heavy clay loam. The dirt thus gathered on the mold-board adds greatly to its draft and prevents good work. Another objection to cast iron is, that, in order to get equal strength, the weight must be considerably greater than with steel, and this is a hard drag all day, and requires a much stronger team. Of this any one may quickly convince himself without resort to dynamometer or any other means of testing the draft. He has only to hitch a light team to a steel plow, and a stronger one to the cast iron, and work them side by side. In this way I have found that a pair of fourteen-hand ponies would do about the same work, and with as much ease to themselves, as a pair of sixteen-hand horses. The same observations about material will also apply to cultivators. In thus candidly advising my brother farmers in regard to the superior merit of steel plows, I am speaking directly against my own individual interest, for I have been a manufacturer and dealer in cast-iron plows for upward of thirty years past."

Sheep and Tape Worm.—The Melbourne (Australia) *Leader,* in relation to hydatids in sheep, and the transformation from thence into tape-worms, says:

"The annual loss of young sheep through becoming 'cranky' is considerable, yet on many, if not all, of the sheep stations, the disease is actually propagated unwittingly. When a cranky sheep is put out of its misery, its head is divided and thrown to the dogs in an uncooked state. Thus the hydatid in the sheep's brain becomes a tape-worm in a dog, and in a very short period of time millions of tape-worm eggs pass from the dog, and are drifted about by the wind and are carried by water. For weeks and months they retain their vitality, unaffected by heat or cold, rain or drought. Sheep, in picking up their food, or in drinking water out of shallow pools or crab-holes, swallow one or more of these eggs, which get into the blood circulation, and thus to the brain, to form a hydatid and make another sheep cranky. So the sheep and dog react on each other."

Judge James F. Babcock, of the City Court, New Haven, died suddenly in that court room, from the effect of a paralytic stroke, on Thursday, June 18th, in the 65th year of his age. Sixty years ago his father fell from a similar attack on the green, was picked up and carried into the old court house, where he died after a few hours. This is, we think, quite a remarkable coincidence.

NEW STORE BUILDING, 113 & 115 CLINTON STREET JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

New Embroideries

—AND—

WHITE GOODS!

NEW GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Latest Styles Ladies' and Children's

Hats and Bonnets

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

Ribbons and Flowers,

A most complete variety, just opened.

SUN UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS.

of all sizes, styles and qualities, at unusually low prices. A full stock of.

KID GLOVES,

all colors and sizes, as low as 75 cts. per pair.

Half Hand Gloves!

FOR GARDEN WEAR.

NEW WHITE GOODS.

Nainsook and Jaconet Muslins,
Swiss and Organdie Muslins.
White and Colored P. K's.
Lawns, Hamburg Edgings, Towels, &c.
PERCALES, for Summer Suits, very cheap.

The Celebrated "RIVERSIDE" HAT

IN WHITE AND BLACK STRAW.

Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils

ALWAYS IN STOCK, AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and, Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves. Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Loretto Marble Works.

PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Scotch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our beautiful Designs for Monuments and Tombstones, made of the very best Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.
Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,*
Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'72.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.

—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1,'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.
Ebensburg, Sept. 1, 1873.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.

High street, opposite Union School House, West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. O'NEILL & CO., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates

Diet for Summer.

We are glad to bear testimony to the great improvement manifest within the last quarter of a century in the diet, not only of farmers, but of the community generally. There is much less pork consumed than formerly, vegetables and fruits are more abundant, the bread is in greater variety and of better quality, pies are less frequently seen on the breakfast and supper tables, fried doughnuts do not constitute such a staple article of consumption, and the grid-iron and roasting pan are substituted in a good degree for what the physicians call the "infernal frying-pan." While conceding thus much, we must say there is a margin for further improvement, and we can see no injustice done to the farmers in Dr. Adams' summing up of the testimony of the leading physicians of Massachusetts, with this advice to them:

"More fresh and less salt meat; less frying and more boiling, broiling and baking; a greater variety of vegetables and fruits; less pies and cakes; more wholesome, well kneaded bread, raised with yeast; less tea.

If farmers reject this cheap and wholesome advice, dy-pep-sia will continue to be one of the diseases to which they are particularly liable, and they may hate to spend their substance for physic, which otherwise might have been cast to the dogs.

Rheumatism is, doubtless, the disease to which farmers are liable, and exercise not untimely work, coupled with unnecessary exposure, the cause of it. Outdoor work gives a man the stomach of an ostrich, so far as digestion is concerned, and enables him to eat with impunity what would kill one of sedentary habits. But there is a disadvantage in taxing the digestive organs of out-door workers beyond what is necessary. At this season of the year, particularly, pork should be eschewed. It furnishes fat rather than muscle, and in buying and selling meat the muscle is of more value than the fat for the laborer.

During the hot season, milk, bread and cheese, lean mutton or beef in moderate quality, vegetables, and fruits, should constitute the chief articles of diet. The English farm-laborer makes great use of bread and cheese. These constitute his lunch in the field, and are recommended both by instinct and science. Cereals, or grain, are muscle-forming in its elements, and it would be well if our laborers were more addicted to its use. Cheese is too heavy to be eaten alone, and bread is its natural supplement and concomitant. There is more nourishing strength furnished by a pound of cheese than by two pounds of meat, and the cost of the cheese per pound is generally much less.

Too Much for His Piety.

Horace Greeley used to affirm that newspaper men were the most patient people in a class, on the earth; he was not far from right, though there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue with the most calm. Nearly everybody in the western part of Michigan knows Barr, who used to edit a newspaper about once a month the year round, generally bringing them out in Grand Rapids, but sometimes making a flying trip to other points.

Barr could sound to be told that he knew about circulation, was on the fence as a politician, and that he didn't know anything about publishing a paper, and when one threatened to sue or thrash him he only smiled a sad smile and wished that such a one wouldn't get excited. During a temperance revival at Grand Rapids, Barr was converted, and it frequently happened that religious people called at his office to talk with him. One day a minister came in, and, after talking awhile, he proposed prayer. He went to the act of kneeling, when his head struck one of the out-side forms, which was leaning against a leg of the stone, ready to be taken up, and over it went, making half a ton of "pi." Barr looked at the ruin and then thought of the two weeks of overwork he had commenced taking off his coat, saying:

"I'm trying to be a Christian and set a good example, but rat my buttons if I don't lick you just in two minutes!"

The clergyman backed down stairs in double time, dodging the lye-brush, on the way, and Barr backslid at once, and sent the boy for a pint of *stimulant.*

A Queer Case.

A man went to the station house in Cleveland, Ohio, and, after hesitating a few moments, requested the sergeant to put him under arrest. Being asked to explain such a strange request, he produced a fine gold watch, worth between one hundred and two hundred dollars, and stated that he had stolen it a few hours since from a house on the Detroit Road. He had stolen it in order to be sent to the penitentiary for the crime of larceny. He had, he said, been out of work for a few weeks, and during that time he had made two trips on a canal barge. He had found the labor so severe that he had decided to commit some crime for which he would be sentenced to the penitentiary, and he hoped thus to escape exposure and toil of out-door work. The sergeant offered to charge him with vagrancy and have him sent to the work-house for ninety days. The offer he declined, and insisted on being arrested for grand larceny. His strange request was granted, a cell assigned him, and the criminal charge was placed opposite his name on the blotter. The prisoner was an American, forty-nine years of age.

A lady traveler, writing of the Tyrol, says: I went to Bayakdere day before yesterday, and returned yesterday morning—a more delightful short trip I never took. We left Tatavia at seven o'clock in the morning and reached there after noon. All the distances are short here. You hear a village spoken of, and you imagine it a hundred miles away, when, in reality it is only eight or twelve. But the people imagine it a great distance, for they rarely stir from their native towns. No one except a native of the country understands the art of lazing. The men sit all day long on little stools in front of little cafes, smoking and talking, but never stirring. They even talk in a low, murmuring tone, very different to a party of Dutchmen, Frenchmen, or even Englishmen. There is not the least excitement of any kind in their manner; all is tranquil laziness.